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THE
YOUNG CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

A MEMOIR
OF
GEORGE W. BLAKE,

LATE OF BUENOS AYRES, S. A.

COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM HIS JOURNAL AND LETTERS,

BY HIS SISTER.

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TO THE
NEPHEWS
OF THE
YOUNG CHRISTIAN MERCHANT,
WHOSE MEMOIR IS HERE GIVEN,

This Work is Inscribed

THAT THE SAME DILIGENCE IN BUSINESS AND FERVOR OF
SPIRIT, WHICH HE EXHIBITED, MAY ANIMATE THEM IN
THEIR PATH THROUGH LIFE, IS THE EARNEST
DESIRE OF THEIR AFFECTIONATE
RELATIVE,
THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

SEVERAL reasons have led to the publication of this memoir. First: The uniform and consistent piety of the subject, the exhibition of which, it is believed, will refresh and encourage Christians. Second: The great variety of incident which abounded in his life, making, it is thought, an interesting volume for the general reader. Third: Although many interesting memoirs of pious young women have appeared within a few years, the memoirs of pious young *men* are rare. It is hoped and believed that this example of Christian character may have a favorable influence on young men in business.

Young persons, reading the biography of ministers and others who lived surrounded by a religious atmosphere, are apt to say, "We expect such persons to be devoted Christians; but how are young men, who go abroad in the world, exposed to all the multiplied temptations of the times, to pass through the fire with their garments unchanged?" In the narrative which follows, we see an example of one who encountered all these difficulties, and who was enabled, through grace, to overcome them. As an example, therefore, to those in like circumstances of trial, these pages are submitted, with the hope that they may prove a true incentive to high Christian character.

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THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

CHAPTER I.

Birth. — Parentage. — Early Childhood. — Goes to Boston.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BLAKE was the sixth son of Elihu and Elizabeth Whitney Blake, of Westboro', Massachusetts. He was born January 11, 1808.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake had thirteen children, eleven of whom — eight sons and three daughters — grew up to maturity. George, as well as the others, owed much to the good sense, the piety, and the prayers of his parents. These parents became members of the Congregational church in Westboro', in the early part of their married life; and the elder children do not remember the time when family prayer was not observed, although often in the morning amid pressing cares, and sometimes with great weariness at night. In these prayers, the children,

at home and abroad, were always remembered with especial fervor. Conversation on the things of religion was as household words; and the youngest son, now a preacher of the gospel, when asked what first led him to a religious course, is known to have said, "It was the conversation of my father and mother, who always spoke of these things as settled realities, on which they raised no doubting questions."

These particulars will show what were some of the influences under which George was reared. His mother was the only sister of the late ELI WHITNEY, the ingenious inventor of the cotton gin. She, too, possessed much of that ingenuity so available in the mother of a large family with limited means. She was a woman of enlarged views and good judgment. The father of George was a man of exemplary piety, great industry and ingenuity, and much natural refinement. Although his means for an early education were limited to the common school, he was always fond of improvement, and loved books and reading. The town of Westboro' possessed a respectable library, of which he was one of the projectors, and was many years clerk of the Library Society, which held for a time stated meetings, as a means of improvement. With the help of a very neat artificial globe of

his own construction, Mr. B. gave his elder children their first ideas of astronomy and geography.

It was a great object with the parents of George to furnish their children with regular employment. Once, when a neighboring lad was present, who unfortunately had nothing to do at home, and whose frequent visits interfered with the business hours of the boys, Mrs. B., whose patience had become exhausted, requested him to go home, and read the seventeenth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Proverbs.*

Mrs. Blake's rebuke will be thought very excusable by many parents who have been utterly foiled in their attempts to effect the *systematic* instruction and training of their families, by the unseasonable visits of unrestrained children.

But these boys had still an abundance of time for recreation and amusement. The garden, the orchard, and the yard furnished ample playground; and they were never expected, nor did they expect, to visit the inclosures of the neighbors without leave. This was not felt as an uncomfortable restriction; since they had been trained to these habits from the first. •

Little is recollected of the early childhood of

* "Refrain thy foot from thy neighbor's house, lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee."

George, except that he had a peculiar aptness for answering questions in mental arithmetic. His older brothers used often, when the hands of all were employed about their usual avocations, to ply him with such questions, and they were surprised to find with what rapidity his mind operated and brought out the result.

George had a twin brother, and the two, as was natural, were objects of some special interest in the family, and among their friends. At nine years of age these boys joined the Sabbath school, which had been commenced in that town in 1817. This school was one of the first formed in the state. The proposal of some young persons to commence such a school was not only opposed by those who disliked every religious movement, but by a few good people. Notwithstanding the obstacles thrown in their way, however, the young ladies who projected it, having the countenance and approbation of their minister,* commenced the enterprise; and it prospered surprisingly. Many have reason to bless God for impressions received during some of the first months of its existence. George was interested and regular in his attendance, and in preparation for the exercises of the school.

In April, 1825, at the age of seventeen, he left

* The Rev. Elisha Rockwood, D. D., at that time pastor of the church in Westboro'.

home for Boston, and entered the counting room of his maternal uncle, J. Whitney, then located on Long Wharf, afterward on India Wharf. Mr. Whitney was an importer and wholesale merchant, engaged chiefly in the coasting trade between Savannah and Boston, but making frequent shipments also to Buenos Ayres and other South American, as well as European ports.

On these voyages George not unfrequently went, as clerk and assistant to the captain, in which voyages he enlarged his knowledge of the world and of commercial usages. He usually had also an opportunity of carrying out some "venture" for himself. An older brother of George had been employed in this mercantile house with Mr. W. about six years. Thus George commenced his commercial career under favorable auspices for gaining a thorough knowledge of business.

CHAPTER II.

Voyage to Rio Janeiro and West Indies. — Death of his Mother. —
Letters to his twin Brother.

It is intended that the subject of this memoir shall speak in these pages as far as possible for himself. We shall therefore make copious extracts from his letters, of which many remain, and from a journal kept by him during the most important part of his life.

At the age of eighteen, in the year 1826, Mr. Blake went to Rio Janeiro and the West Indies, as clerk to the captain of one of his uncle's vessels, during which time his mother died. We have the following letters, written on his return to his twin brother, then in New Haven, Connecticut, in respect to the event.

Boston, May 8, 1827.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN: I arrived in this place yesterday from St. Thomas, and for the first time heard the unwelcome tidings of my mother's death. It was communicated by brother J., before I landed, and I assure you it

was as painful as it was sudden ; and I feel a large share of the heavy stroke it has been to our family. But though I grieve and mourn the loss of one so near and affectionate, yet I feel a certain joy in the hope that my loss is all her gain. I am very thankful that our mother was spared to us so long, and I hope that her death may be a means of good to us. I am so distressed in thinking of it that I can not say half I would ; and with my present feelings, I can tell you nothing about my voyage.

The account of this voyage to Rio Janeiro was afterward sent to the same brother, accompanied by a chart exhibiting the track of the vessel in which he sailed. This chart is very neatly drawn, and, with the whole manuscript, does credit to the industry and taste of the writer. And as this letter describes his first experience in a merchant vessel, we give it entire. It is interesting also to observe how he employed his leisure in those foreign ports ; and how, by such habits of observation, he was treasuring up useful knowledge.

BOSTON, June 12, 1827.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN: During my absence I kept a journal of my proceedings, addressed to you ; but I find it not very legibly written,

and have therefore made some extracts from it, which may interest you, as you requested some account of my voyage.

I sailed from Boston Dec. 7, 1826, and in about fifteen days arrived off the Azores; crossed the Tropic of Cancer Jan. 1; the Equator on the 19th; and arrived safe at Rio Janeiro Feb. 2, after a pleasant passage of fifty-seven days. I was seasick about fifteen days; this took off my flesh, and reduced me much; but after this was over, my appetite returned, and I soon regained my flesh and strength.

At Rio Janeiro the cargo was sold; and after a stay of three weeks we took in ballast, and the proceeds of the cargo in doubloons, and sailed for Pernambuco, a port situated in eight degrees south latitude on the coast of Brazil, resolving, if possible, to obtain a freight to some port of Europe or the United States, or to invest the funds in produce, should the markets be favorable, and return home.

We arrived at Pernambuco March 13, after a passage of eighteen days; but finding no freight to be had there, and the markets unfavorable, we sailed the next day for Port Royal in the West Indies; but finding no better success there, we spent but one day and left for Santa Cruz, where we arrived April 3. The captain landed, and hearing that coffee was low at St.

Thomas, he resolved to go over there and invest the funds. We arrived in the harbor the same day at evening; purchased about four hundred bags of coffee; and on the 15th sailed for Boston. When we arrived as far north as thirty-five degrees, we experienced a severe gale of wind (April 15) from the north-west, which lasted nine days. During this time we were driven out of our course, and made no progress toward home.

The Almira proved herself a good sea boat, by riding out the storm in safety; although it was done with a good deal of straining. I arrived in Boston May 7, twenty-two days from St. Thomas, having been absent five months.

Rio Janeiro, (in English, River of January,) the capital of the Brazilian empire, is situated on a deep bay, about fifteen miles from the sea. It is laid out very regularly, mostly on level ground, but is surrounded by very high mountains, some of which are remarkable on account of their form, height, and situation. Some of them seem to tower to the heavens, and are so steep as to be inaccessible to the foot of man. Some form precipices many hundreds of feet in height. The scenery is very beautiful in sailing up this harbor. The grandeur of the mountains, with their green appearance, and the forts, (nine in all,) situated on each side of the bay, give

the place a very imposing appearance, and strike the stranger with admiration.

The city contains about three hundred thousand inhabitants, descendants of Portuguese, French, English, Americans, and negroes. Some of the streets are very handsome. The houses are built of stone, and being plastered and whitewashed, make a very good appearance. The public buildings are some beautiful churches, the palace, arsenal, convents, &c. The bells upon these convents chime sweetly for mass in the morning, and for vespers in the evening.

But while there is so much to admire here, it is shocking to see the effects of slavery; the traffic in slaves being carried on here to the greatest extent, vessels arriving almost every day with poor natives of Africa, doomed to a life of servitude. Nothing is more common in the streets than to see these wretched beings chained, nine or ten together, carrying water, whose very chains (so large and heavy) seem load enough.

The Sabbath here is spent as a holiday; and all kinds of gaming and diversions are going on. Most of the shops are kept open all day for trading. The churches are open, and the people assemble about twenty minutes in the morning, and about half an hour in the evening. Their religion is Roman Catholic, as you know, and

they are extremely bigoted and superstitious. If, in passing one of their processions, one did not uncover his head and cross himself, he was sure to be knocked down by some of the priests, so fearful are they of offending the Virgin by letting a heretic pass without paying some mark of adoration.

I once had an opportunity of seeing the Emperor, Pedro I. He was getting into his coach at the palace. As he immediately drove off, I had but a moment to observe his Imperial Highness. He is about the middle size, stout, and very well formed, wears mustaches, which give him, with his uniform, a bold, military appearance. He comes into the city in a coach drawn by eight or ten mules, attended by about forty men, mounted as guards, who ride in the rear. He enters by a certain street, through which no carriage but his own is allowed to pass. When he alights from his coach, every person present must doff his hat, if he values his peace. An English captain, who from ignorance or disinclination neglected this ceremony, was knocked down and beaten most severely by one of the guards, very much to the annoyance and mortification of John Bull. The emperor is not very popular here. His brutal and unbecoming behavior has of late caused him to be much less esteemed among his subjects. A report was in

circulation that his wife died in consequence of a blow received from him in a passion.

Every thing here is in a disturbed state, in consequence of the war in which the country is engaged. This war has been carried on so long that the national fund is nearly exhausted; their troops, from poor pay and bad management, are deserting; and in trying to raise a new army, every poor man they can find is impressed. After the death of the empress, the emperor dismissed all his old ministers, and took new ones, because his old ones had expressed some disgust at his behavior, and did not pay sufficient respect to his mistress, whom he intended soon to marry. This circumstance caused many of his subjects to dislike him; and it is the opinion of foreigners residing here that there will soon be a revolution.

Rio is a place of great trade. All European nations traffic here, and some few of every nation reside here. The principal exports are rice, coffee, cotton, and sugar.

At Pernambuco, my stay was only one day. This city is situated very pleasantly on the open sea coast, and enjoys the advantage of a cool sea breeze, which keeps it healthy all the year. It contains about fifty thousand people, a large proportion of whom are slaves. It is laid out irregularly, the streets being very narrow, and

some of them dirty. The houses are built in the same manner as at Rio. Few Americans reside here. The suburbs of the city are very pleasant. There are no high mountains, and most of the land is cultivated. There are some fine gardens, where the best of watermelons and muskmelons are raised. They have here, as at Rio, peaches, grapes, cocoanuts, oranges, lemons, and all the tropical fruits in abundance.

The town of Olinda is situated on a hill, about three miles from Pernambuco. Here there is a college, and other fine buildings, which I had not time to visit. It is a very pleasant place, and makes a fine appearance from the sea and from Pernambuco.

Port Royal is the capital of Martinico, which, with the Island of St. Lucie, belongs to France. There are here about eight thousand people, principally French. They carry on a considerable trade with France, and with the United States. It is regularly laid out in streets, which are kept quite clean. The place is well fortified, having a large fort, well filled with soldiers and guns. Beside these, several ships of war are lying in the harbor. There is a large town about twelve miles from this place, called St. Pierre, which has more trade than Port Royal. We passed by this place, but it was evening, and we could see nothing but the lights.

In sailing to Santa Cruz, we saw several other of the West India Islands, viz., Dominica, Guadeloupe, Montserrat, St. Kitts, and St. Eustatie. At St. Thomas I remained about twelve days. It is a small, barren island, which has a city of about fifty thousand people. It belongs to the Danes. The King of Denmark has made it a free port, which renders it a resort for vessels of every nation trading to the West Indies. It is situated on the south side of the island, at the foot of some very high hills, and is consequently hot and unhealthy at some seasons of the year. When I was there, the small pox was prevailing to a great extent; and it was not uncommon to see people walking the streets who had not recovered from it. Many labels were affixed to the houses — “Small pox here” — in different languages, English, French, Danish, and Spanish.

In September, 1827, Mr. Blake, with a younger brother, visited Keene, New Hampshire, where he had spent some part of his childhood; and Hancock, in the same state, where one of his sisters, wife of the late Rev. Archibald Burgess, resided.

During this visit among the “granite hills,” he speaks in no measured terms of the scenery, showing, as he ever did, a strong sense of the beautiful in nature. In a letter to his brother

John he writes, "We could not present ourselves at the house until we had stopped to admire the situation. In front, looking below, we had a delightful view of the whole village. The church spire rose in the midst, overtopping the surrounding houses, while we were far above the glittering vane that turned upon its summit. Looking beyond, hill after hill rose to our view, until the sight rested on the largest in the distance. A little to the left of these lay the huge Monadnock, which, from its size, seemed to be the father of the surrounding hills. Between could be seen deep winding valleys, where twilight loves to linger, and where some stream glides along, collecting the waters from springs upon the adjacent hills. I admired the spot, but did not long stay to admire. Going into the house, we were warmly greeted by sister M., to whom we came unexpectedly. Since I left Boston the weather had been very fine, and that evening was peculiarly pleasant to me. The moon shone very brightly, the horizon was clear, and every star above the hills was visible. To add to the pleasure of such a scene, we were enjoying the company of kind friends. Every thing was still, and it seemed so different from passing an evening in the city! It brought to my mind the following lines from the Minstrel, which seemed exactly suited to the occasion:—

‘No cloud obscures the starry void ;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoyed.
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.’

“ Now and then the sound of the bugle and the French horn reached us from the village below. This was so delightful that we were all drawn out of the door to listen. They were probably tuning their instruments for a regimental muster, which we learned was to take place the next day.

“ We left on Wednesday morning, and arrived at Westboro’ in the evening, where I staid a few days, and then returned to Boston, having been absent two weeks.”

During the succeeding winter, our young friend became much interested in the study of music, and to some extent a proficient in it, which was often undoubtedly a solace to him in his separations from friends and country.

He had also a taste for drawing ; and although he had no claim to artistic skill, yet the employment interested him, and occupied some of his leisure hours. Many scenes in South America were sketched by his pencil for the gratification of his friends. These pursuits, with his love of writing and reading, brought to his even-

ing leisure some pleasant recreations. How desirable that young men should cultivate in themselves a taste for these pursuits! What a safeguard to virtue would they prove in early life, and how many pleasant and delightful evenings might be thus spent, improving to the mind and to the moral character, and leaving no room for those debasing pursuits which are the ruin of so many!

CHAPTER III.

Goes to Savannah.—Stagnation in Business.—Letter to Twin Brother on the Results of the Voyage.—Deep Interest in Religion.—Letter to Sister in K.—Hopeful State of Mind.—Sails to Europe.—Letter from Rotterdam.—Letter from Antwerp.—Remarkable Interposition of Providence.—Letter to Twin Brother.

ON the 5th of January, 1828, Mr. Blake sailed for Savannah. He had some adventure of his own in the vessel, and some freight committed to him for sale. During the five weeks of his stay in that city, he lived on board the ship. He thus writes to his brother in Boston: "Every thing is dull; there is nothing to do. I have heard all the captain's long stories; and if I should be here four weeks more, I should hear them as many times over; and as you have probably heard them not less frequently, you can judge of the pleasure with which I listen to them. The mate is full of oaths, and has become an infidel, from reading the works of Tom Paine; and now his greatest pleasure is in ridiculing all sentiments that differ from his favorite author's. We are on good terms, however, and I do not let him know that he hurts my

feelings by his talk. By taking a book, and straying out of the city to a retired spot to which I sometimes resort, I can enjoy a few hours of uninterrupted peace ; and this is my only refuge from the annoyance."

On his return from this voyage, Mr. Blake writes as follows to his brother John at New Haven : —

BOSTON, March 22, 1828.

DEAR BROTHER J. : Although we have been separated for three years, we are still twin brothers. Wherever I am, whether near or in far distant lands, be assured that I have you frequently in my mind ; and often a sigh escapes me that we are thus doomed to be kept apart. But I hope the bitterness of the separation will be relieved by frequent letters between us.

On my voyage to Savannah, while off Cape Fear, the anniversary of our birth occurred. I recalled many of the circumstances of our past lives, and I had many wishes for your prosperity and happiness.

I arrived at Savannah Feb. 21. The weather was mild, and green peas, radishes, and other vegetables were plenty in the market. Orange and lemon trees were in bloom. The rose multiflora and jasmin were diffusing their fragrance. I enjoyed many things, but the dullness of the time for business was discouraging to

me. I have returned here without making a cent, and shall probably lose in the end. I am often perplexed in thinking of my prospects. I wish to get settled in something; but having no capital, I am under a disadvantage. Perhaps I feel more anxious than I ought to feel, since there is a good and wise Providence who overrules all things, and no doubt will do that in the end which is best for me; and it is our duty to submit.

Thirteen days' passage to Boston, with a sea as rough as you can imagine, storm after storm, gale after gale, with our vessel rolling, tumbling, pitching, and banging about, wound up my trip, and put a stop to the almost insufferable seasickness that I endured on my passage home.

The death of E. P. Rockwood * was very sudden and unexpected to me. I saw it first mentioned in a northern paper, in a reading room in Savannah. He had written me, about six weeks before, a long letter, which I had very recently answered. It must even be so, that while some are enjoying life and its blessings, others will be suddenly carried off by the cold hand of death; and no doubt it is so ordained as a warning to the living, that all may see the uncertainty of life, and be prepared against the solemn hour that they shall be summoned to

* An early friend — son of Rev. Mr. Rockwood.

depart. It is certainly a fearful thing to think seriously of death as close to us. It becomes us to inquire of ourselves whether we are fit to die ; and I have frequently put the question to myself, but I can not answer it as I would wish to.

Brother J—— has recently been admitted as a member of Park Street church, of which Rev. Edward Beecher is pastor, and has expressed a wish that I also would unite with the church ; but as I did not give him any encouragement to think that I would at present, he esteems my religion as rather cold. I love religion, and esteem it as one of the brightest ornaments that mankind can put on—a thing which two years ago I thought as of no use. And if my religion is cold now, I trust and pray to my Creator that my love to him may become warmer, and that I may advance in spiritual improvement. Nor do I forget you in my supplications at the throne of grace. And while I ask for your prosperity in this world, I forget not to add a petition that we may both be found worthy of an inheritance in a better. Will you not add your prayers to the same effect ? Ours together may do much more than all my feeble efforts alone. Will you not also write me what you think of this subject ?

Again he writes, two months later :—

Boston, June 2.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN: I received your agreeable letter dated May —. I rejoice that you have found the Saviour so precious, and I mourn that I am still wandering without him. You say, if I knew the worth of my own soul, I should not rest. I assure you, I wish to know. I read the Scriptures, and meditate, using all the powers of my imagination to set before myself the danger of living a life of sin; the pains of hell on the one side, and the unspeakable pleasure of walking in the path of duty under the guidance of the Lord, and the pleasures of heaven, on the other. I inquire of Christians, and I pray, upon my knees, that the Saviour may be revealed to me, that I may feel a deep sense of sin; that I may be forgiven; and that I may, by the grace of God, become a Christian. But I have no help as yet. I am not in a happy state of mind now, nor have I been so for three weeks. I have sometimes been tempted to give up my case as hopeless; but I have persevered for a long time. Is it because I am not sincere? Certainly, if I know my own heart, that can not be. Is it because I am not prayerful enough? Surely I come often before my God. Can it be that I am destined to be a castaway? No; for the Saviour has said that those who come unto him he will in no wise cast out. Then why is

it? It must be because I do not love God supremely. But it is my earnest prayer that I may be quickened to this love.

Now, John, the fact is, I am not a Christian. I have not experienced the happy change that you have. And as you have passed the strait gate, and have been enabled to feel the divine influences of the Saviour's love, you must intercede for me. Your prayers may be heard, and I may feel their happy effects. I *must* be a Christian. I have vowed that I would be; and if you can help me, you must; and assist me, ere I sink into fatal despondency, and it be for ever too late.

As to the state of religion here, the Spirit appears to have gone forth and awakened a few careless sinners like myself, who are inquiring. At the meeting which I attend for this purpose, there are between thirty and forty present. While you and E. are rejoicing in hope, do not forget me in your prayers.

The following extract of a letter to his sister in K., dated July 5, shows that his mind was hopeful, that the conflict had subsided, and that he had become in a measure established. After answering inquiries respecting his boarding place, &c., he says, "I assure you that I feel a deep interest in religion. I participate in

the pleasure you feel in consequence. Our brothers having chosen, as we trust, the good part which shall never be taken away, I humbly hope God will, in his infinite mercy, permit me also to meet with you and them, to sing praises in heaven; and although I am wholly unworthy, the Saviour has said that he would receive all that would come to him. To him I do endeavor to come. May God hear your supplications in my behalf."

On the 14th of February, the following year, he sailed for Rotterdam, with the object in view of becoming acquainted with the country, and perhaps, by a few months in a counting house there, to acquire information respecting business usages in Holland. He took with him letters from Mr. W. to commercial agents in Rotterdam. The idea, however, of remaining, he was led to abandon soon after his arrival. He writes to his brother in Boston:—

ROTTERDAM, April 9, 1829.

DEAR BROTHER: A kind Providence has preserved me during a tempestuous voyage, and I am happy to inform you of my safe arrival here, after a period of fifty days spent upon the water. The length of time made it extremely tedious, and the many trials we met with required, and

nearly exhausted, all our patience. Nevertheless, the goodness of God was visibly manifested toward us; and while I looked to him for strength to meet all his dispensations, I doubted not that he was ordering all things for the best. And when I think of the dangers we have escaped, I feel that I have much cause for gratitude.

From Antwerp he writes:—

April 22.

DEAR BROTHER: I have now retired to my room, and it is ten o'clock, evening. I have just left the company of eight or ten shipmasters, who are trying an old Bath captain for misdemeanors. He was sentenced to pay a fine of a half dozen bottles of champagne; and though I was urged strongly to stay and partake of the wine, I came away to write to you, and to enjoy the pleasure of retirement.

You can not tell with what joy I get away from noise and bustle to the silent room, where I can thank my heavenly Father for all his mercies, and seek new strength to keep from sin and folly. This is seldom, and it makes me think more of the time when I shall see beloved America, and again enjoy her blessed privileges.

Could I find but one single soul whose feelings were similar to mine, with whom I could

sympathize and converse freely upon those important subjects which involve our future peace, it would give me great joy. But alas! my companions are only those who trifle with serious things.

To his father he writes:—

April 30.

DEAR FATHER: You have no doubt ere this heard through Brother J. of my safe arrival in Europe after a long and rough passage. * * * I have visited the cities of Amsterdam, Leyden, Hague, Haerlem, Antwerp, Dort, and several towns and places of less note, and would give you a brief description of these cities, but must defer it to a future period, when I have more time.

During a short journey last week, an incident occurred from which I escaped with my life only through the goodness of divine Providence. When ready to leave Antwerp for Rotterdam, I had almost concluded to return by the stage coach or diligence. But afterwards, for some trifling reason, I changed my mind, and took the steamboat, which brought me safely. The diligence had started a few hours before the steamboat, and had arrived safely as far as the city of Breda; but when going out of that city, with fifteen passengers, it had but just left the gate

when by some accident it was thrown from the ramparts into the broad ditch which surrounds the city. It was dark, and before any assistance could be obtained, ten persons were drowned. None of the horses attached to the coach could be saved.

The news of the disaster had reached Rotterdam before I arrived, and my friends here, knowing my intention to return that day, feared that I might be one of the unfortunate sufferers. All are now congratulating me on my "fortunate escape," while I can only attribute it to the merciful interposition of God.

To his twin brother he writes under same date. After mentioning the above circumstance, he remarks, "I can not but give thanks to him who has spared my life and returned me in safety to Rotterdam. I should like to hear how you and brother E. progress in your studies at Hamilton, and wish I might be in the way of improving in learning with you; for I assure you, I very much feel the need of it. My little stock of knowledge shows me my great stock of ignorance; and where I need to know much, I know comparatively nothing. Could I speak well some of the European languages, it would be of much use to me at present. During my passage out here, I applied myself to the study of French,

and learned just enough to get along without getting my head broken, as I heard some one remark about his knowledge of the Dutch tongue, the other day.

“Of Spanish and Portuguese I know but little more. I intend to study the Spanish during my passage home, as I have the books necessary, and I like the language. As I have no tutor, I expect my proficiency will be small. I should like to have some of your conveniences to take to sea with me, such as a teacher and good accommodations.”

Mr. Blake remained in Holland about three weeks, probably returning in the same vessel. He arrived in Boston, by way of New York, about the first of July. Here he was employed in the same mercantile house where he had previously been engaged. In the mean time he appears to have availed himself of all opportunities for gaining religious instruction, and to have greatly prized them.

CHAPTER IV.

Journal. — Rules for Self-government. — Letters. — Solemn Covenant.

FROM the private journal of Mr. Blake before mentioned, it may be seen whence he derived his power to resist temptation, and to overcome every wrong propensity. He maintained a constant intercourse with God, and thus preserved his armor bright, and always ready for use in his Christian warfare.

His first entry in his journal is as follows:—

Boston, Sept. 8, 1829.

This day has passed, and while I mourn that I have not derived a larger share of benefit, I feel that I have great reason to thank God that he has preserved me from much evil; that he has saved me from the snares of the world; and notwithstanding I was engaged in much business, I had several intervals in which I could and did engage in reading the Scriptures and prayer.

9. I wrote early this morning the following

rules for the regulation of my conduct before men. May God give me grace to keep them.

1. Ponder before speaking—think to what effect.

2. When others are discussing a subject in which I am not particularly interested, never join it unless requested.

3. Never give my opinion unasked.

4. Never contradict one with whom I am conversing, and be extremely careful how I make positive assertions.

5. Be ever careful not to speak ill of the absent.

6. Be ever more inclined to profit by the experience of others than to imitate their follies.

7. Guard against foolish attempts at witty expressions in conversation. They are vain and useless.

8. Strive to acquire a regular mode of thinking, and to think of those things which are of the most importance.

9. In all things cherish a cheerful and grateful heart, and be ever humble.

September 15 he wrote to a sister-in-law in New York — “I do indeed, my dear sister, seek divine blessings on all my undertakings. You speak of our mother’s joy in heaven in beholding on earth her children ‘walking in the truth.’

If indeed there are so many of us subjects of redeeming grace, great is the cause for joy. But so deceitful is the human heart, that for myself, I feel there is need of striving continually, and watching and praying, lest I come short of that rest which remaineth for the people of God."

In the journal under date of 24th September, he speaks of being present at the ordination of fifteen missionaries and evangelists, destined principally to labor among the Indians on our frontiers. He expresses a cordial interest in the cause of missions, and questions his own heart as to whether he should not himself engage in this work. But he does not at this time seem to have been deeply impressed with the feeling that it was his duty.

In looking, however, on his fellow-men in their lost state, and in their impending danger, he feels impelled to speak to some of those about him during the coming week, and he sends up the earnest petition that God would enable him to do it "meekly, affectionately, and effectually."

From a succeeding page of his journal, it would appear that he was conscious of a propensity to spend time in profitless discussion and talking. Against this fault he makes strong resolutions, and trusts that some progress has

been made in the past week by way of amendment.

October 4. He appears to have felt the urgent necessity of improving time to the utmost. He had employed his leisure moments in reading and study; the books which had occupied him being Mrs. Judson's Life, and the History of the Burman Mission, Scott's Life of Napoleon, Watts on the Mind, Kempis' Imitation of Christ, and Pollok's Course of Time, (to which last he speaks of having made out an index,) besides regular portions of Scripture, and the study of French.

The journal continues under date of October 11—"I have had some expectation of going to Georgia this winter, and have had a desire to become a member of the church of Christ; but so uncertain is my destination, and the time of my leaving, that I am obliged to delay it for the present. And feeling that in my unsettled state I should stand much in need of covenant assistance, I have this day, after much prayer, commenced drawing up a secret covenant with God, giving myself entirely to Christ, and taking him as my Saviour and my portion.

"May the Almighty assist me to perfect it, dictating to me here on the earth, and ratifying all in heaven. I purpose this week to make

new exertions to overcome my sins. Sensible of my own weakness, Lord, I look to thee for help."

To his sister in K. he wrote : —

October 13.

DEAR SISTER: I thank you for your kind invitation to spend several weeks with you. Nothing would give me greater pleasure. But in my present situation, I feel that I have every thing to acquire, and no time to lose. Could I spare the time to attend to the studies which, as you suggest, might be pursued at K., I assure you I would not hesitate a moment.

The French and Spanish languages are very important to me, and I am now improving all the intervals of time which occur in my business to acquire a general knowledge of them. My means will not allow me the advantage of a teacher in either; therefore I am under the necessity of using double diligence. I know that the Latin would be very useful, and wish I had time to devote to it, that I might by it obtain a better knowledge of the English. Had I been more ambitious two years ago, I might have made considerable proficiency. But it is no new thing that persons many times find out these things too late.

In his journal of October 18, Mr. B. manifests

deep seriousness. After some reflections on the passing time, he says, "It would seem that if men believed that 'time past is gone for ever,' they would live differently." Again he says, "I have of late had much pleasure in thinking of spiritual things; and I can say that I have had more joy in the contemplation of the glories of heaven than I should feel in the possession of great riches."

Mr. B.'s plan now was to prepare himself to act as a commission merchant and commercial agent in distant cities, with the idea of ultimately settling where he should find an eligible opening. His previous training had been well adapted to fit him for such a business.

In pursuance of this plan, he was now on the eve of going for a season to Savannah, Georgia. In his journal he says, "I have finished, this day, drawing up a covenant with Jehovah, and ere I leave Boston I intend to sign it."

The document here referred to was found after his death, in a detached form, sealed up with the journal. The paper, consisting of several pages, comprised, also, reasons for thus covenanting; and the covenant was preceded and followed by a solemn prayer. The reasons recorded are as follows:—

"Having been deprived by my peculiar situa-

tion, the past six months, of the opportunity of joining the church of Christ on earth, and of covenanting with him before men, my present prospects also appearing very uncertain as to a convenient and proper time to do so, it is my settled purpose, after seeking prayerfully for help, to draw up a covenant in writing between the Lord Jehovah and my own sinful self, accepting him as my covenant God, and binding myself to him in the most solemn manner to keep his statutes, to honor his name, and to glorify him in all things before men."

Omitting the record of the first prayer, only remarking that it seems to breathe the spirit of deep and true devotion, we come to the

COVENANT.

In thy presence, O Lord God, I do now hereby give up myself, all that I have, and all that I am, to thee, the great and dreadful God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and most solemnly covenant with thee, as my chief good, my Saviour, and my *all*. Since, in the freeness of thy mercy, thou hast offered salvation to all who come to thee in and through Jesus Christ, and in sincerity of heart accept it, I do now offer myself to thee, and accept of the terms which thou hast laid down, purposing hereafter to make thy law the rule of my life; to live in

thy service ; to take up the cross and follow him who has died that I might live ; fighting against sin and the corruptions of the flesh, enduring shame and persecution for thy sake, putting my trust in thee at all times for strength to overcome.

And because all my righteousnesses are as filthy rags, I renounce all confidence therein, and as a helpless, hopeless, and undone creature, I will look for salvation to the merits of Jesus Christ alone. Whether in prosperity or in adversity, I do promise never to depart from thee ; but in all conditions of life, I will seek thee as my Lord, my God, my Guide, my Portion, and my chief Benefactor.

I come to thee, O Lord, poor and needy, but thou canst give me unsearchable riches ; miserable, but thou canst give me a joy surpassing the ungodly pleasures of this world. I come to thee blind, but thou canst give me the eye of faith to discern things invisible ; naked, but thou canst clothe me with the righteousness of Christ.

Notwithstanding my natural corruptions may often rebel, yet I will *endeavor* to order my whole life according to thy directions, and will not allow myself in any thing which thou hast forbidden. And subject as I am to failings, through the frailties of my nature, I do now implore that no unallowed miscarriages, con-

trary to the settled purpose of my mind, may make this covenant void.

To this, in the presence of God, I subscribe with my hand,

GEORGE W. BLAKE.

BOSTON, Oct. 19, 1829.

The prayer following the covenant was in these words :—

O Father in heaven, so far as I know my own motives in drawing up this covenant with thee, they are sincere. It is my desire to live near to thee, to seek wisdom and happiness in thee, and to grow in grace and in the knowledge of thee. In this world I look not for true riches. Already am I convinced that there is no real support in sublunary things, that the help of man is vain, that the treasures of the earth are vanity. Therefore, O God, I come to thee, not that I may, by giving myself up to thee, enjoy peace in this world, but to obtain eternal life. While wandering from place to place in this world, give me the consolations of thy Spirit, and though often surrounded by sin, temptation, and sorrow, enable me to come off conqueror, and more than conqueror, through him who loved me and died for me. Amen.

On a blank leaf of the foregoing document were found the following entries, evidently made at different times : —

Renewed this covenant —

New York, Oct. 25, 1829.

Savannah, Ga., April 23, 1830.

“ “ May 31, 1830.

Boston, Nov. 10, 1830.

“ June 24, 1831.

“ July 15, 1831.

City of St. Domingo, Feb. 14, 1832.

Aux Cayes, April 23, 1832.

At Sea, Lat. 10° N., Lon. 20° W. Aug. 12.

(From Boston to Buenos Ayres.)

At Buenos Ayres, S. A., May 19, 1833, in prosperity.

The above memoranda furnish proof of a faithfulness to his covenant most exemplary, and show how sincere and earnest was his religion in every change of place, and amid all circumstances.

CHAPTER V.

Leaves Boston for Savannah. — Letters and Journal. — Picture of Mercantile Life. — Incidents in the Cotton Trade. — Goes on Business into the Interior of the State. — Interview with a Slave. — View of Theatrical Amusements.

MR. BLAKE left Boston for Savannah by way of New York. We find our next date in his journal, while in the latter city.

Oct. 25, 1829.

Amidst the multiplicity of cares attendant upon a journey, and the taking up of a new abode and a new occupation, the last week has passed, I fear, with little improvement in spiritual things. It is now evening. I have been permitted to attend church twice, and hear two discourses; one from "God is love," and the other, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth," &c. I live on shipboard, and can not spend the Sabbath as I would. O Lord, suffer it not to be in vain to me that another Sabbath has been added to my days. Renewed my covenant.

Thus did he, as he was going forth to commence business on his own responsibility, without

any human sympathy or encouragement, hold intimate communion with his Maker, and gather strength to live in the world as seeing him who is invisible.

While on shipboard he wrote to his brother in Boston,—“I left many comforts when I left Boston, and lost many advantages. My situation here is far from being pleasant. Think of *all* on board continually taking the name of God in vain—laughing and mocking at every thing serious. Even the young ——’s, forgetting a kind father’s injunctions, occasionally utter some big oath. I am compelled to hear most absurd stories about some of our pious people; but while I hear, I pity in secret those who tell them, and give thanks that I am enabled to abstain from their sin. You can guess with what pleasure I sometimes escape, and visit Brother E——’s family. Thank you for your kind advice. I shall follow it as far as practicable; and while I trust in him who is invisible, I fear not.”

In his journal at Savannah he writes,—

Nov. 22.

It is now nearly a month since I have been permitted to enjoy retirement sufficient to record the continued goodness of God to me. But I hope that I have had, both on the ocean and on

the land, an abiding sense of his care and protection.

Nov. 30.

What an irresistible vortex is the world! Alas, how many do I see approaching it! How many already within its influence! How great the number annually taken in beneath its surface to perish forever! O Lord, save me, ere I become as those that go down into the pit. Oh grant that while in the world, I may live above the world. While I pursue my profession may I never forget that my help cometh from thee.

A letter to his twin brother, to whom he wrote with unrestrained freedom, will give an idea of his situation in Savannah, and also a general view of a merchant's life.

SAVANNAH, Dec. 6, 1829.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN: It is with much pleasure that I sit down to devote a few minutes to your service, after a long day of continued application to business. There is nothing to which I can compare a mercantile life, when business is brisk. *Then* nothing else is to be thought of. Every thing is hurried. One thing is ended in haste only to commence another in the same way. In fact, there is no slackening pace but only to swallow one's food. And I verily believe, that had Lot's wife been driven as hard from

Sodom as we are here some days, she would never have found time to turn her head. This is not the worst of it. It is more than half done for nothing! Strange as it may seem, not one half this bustle and confusion produces any profit. Merchants in these times are like saw-mills; they must go as long as the gate is hoisted, whether there is any thing to saw or not. * * *

My prospect for making money I should like to have more encouraging. I would not have you understand that my desires to grow rich are great, or that they make me unhappy in the least. I look on the future as uncertain—never depend upon a clear sky, and am never disappointed at the rising of a cloud. I look upon these as things of course—aim to be grateful for the present enjoyments, and trust to the Disposer of events for the future.

While we are in the world we must, in some measure, conform ourselves to it, but in all instances, if we are disciples of Christ, live above it, and look upon all things here as nothing, when weighed in the scale with eternity.

In the eyes of the world, no man is good for any thing as a merchant unless he loves money, and is ready to take advantage of every thing which leads to the making of it. What a pity that a man must be judged here by his possession

of and greediness for gold ! But thus it is ; and to grow rich, and be a Christian too, requires, in my opinion, much wisdom, forethought, and continued watchfulness.

Every man who would fear God and keep his commandments, and grow rich in earthly goods, ought to read the book of Proverbs through and through, and have it in his heart and at his tongue's end. I could give you a few texts now from that invaluable record, which would be very applicable to the subject ; but I take it for granted that *you* will have already anticipated them. Watching and praying are the best preservatives against temptation, and in the bustle of business we ought ever to bear in mind the great end of our existence, and aim to act as consistently as if we were in solitude or retirement.

Ere I close, I will just give you a short sketch of my regular daily routine of business, so that you can judge, in some degree, how I am situated. I rise in the morning before the sun, say half past six o'clock, walk through the city (for our house is the last but one or two in the suburbs) to the counting house, where I read newspapers ; go to the post office, read letters, and prepare for a day's work ; do some errands, and the like, until eight ; go home to breakfast ; back at nine. I stand at a desk until two, pay-

ing and receiving money, (for I am cashier, and frequently pay or receive to the amount of \$10,000 per diem;) make bills, invoices, bills of lading, accounts current, accounts of sales; draw drafts and bills of exchange, and negotiate them; examine papers, and make calculations; and, in fact, do all kinds of in-door business, together with all the transactions at three or four banks, occasionally going out to collect bills, &c. These occupy me until two o'clock, when I go through the city again to dinner; return at three o'clock, and resume the same business till five o'clock, but am not so closely confined in the afternoon; am sometimes able to be gone an hour or two, and do some business of my own; at dusk return to my desk, examine my books, payments, and receipts, (*carefully*, for I am responsible for all that is lost,) balance my cash, &c., and get home to tea about seven in the evening. After tea, until nine, I am generally engaged in reading history, treatises on political economy, national resources, value of money, increase of wealth, &c. From nine till ten I spend in studying the French and Spanish languages. From ten to eleven I devote to reading the Scriptures and devotional purposes, this being the most retired hour in the day, my bed-fellow having by this time forgot himself in the arms of Morpheus; and I am left alone to think over the actions of

the day—to commit my affairs to him who made me, and seek a blessing from the greatest of benefactors.

Thus my days pass with little variation for the present; soon they will all be numbered and finished. I desire ever humbly to pray that I may be so taught to number my days as to apply my heart unto true wisdom. With love to brothers and sisters, I am yours, most affectionately,

GEO. W. BLAKE.

In the journal, under date of Sab., Dec. 20, after speaking of the church services of the day, and the subject and doctrine of the discourse, we find the following just remarks:—

“Although nothing could have been more true, or more worthy of attention, yet it appeared to me that to have its full impression, the speaker wanted a different manner. He used loud vociferations and violent gestures. Perhaps my views are erroneous, but I can not but feel that the terrors of the Lord should be set forth, not as if the speaker were the angry Jehovah himself, but with compassion, with meekness and deep feeling, with brotherly love and kindness.

“I am aware that the infinitely gracious God chooses many different ways for convicting re-

bellious men, and bringing them to the knowledge of himself; and after all, I cannot deny but that, in his wise providence, the various methods of preaching are all established to the end of promoting the greatest ultimate good."

In a letter to his brother in Boston, dated Jan. 6, 1830, after mentioning some trying circumstance in his own affairs, he adds, "It is all for the best. It serves to remind me of the fallacy of all terrestrial happiness — gives me an eye to look upon things unseen — to view death as the end of toil and trouble — to search for the hidden riches in the righteousness of Christ.

"Though I have no retirement or leisure, I often feel that I do, in a measure, enjoy the light of God's countenance. I can often cast an eye over the sacred pages of the Scriptures, and see new beauties in the salvation by Jesus Christ; wonder at the goodness of the Almighty in saving so sinful a creature as myself, and find new causes for admiration and new themes of praise.

"I hope you remember me in your prayers; I tremble lest I should fall into some daring sin; and frequently, for religion's sake, wish myself sequestered from the follies and vanities of mankind. I wish you would send me a bundle of tracts. — has brought out a large quantity of Unitarian tracts, and I should like something of a counteracting nature to distribute in this quarter.

“My best respects to Mr. ——. If he has given up his school, tell him I advise him to study theology ; and if the southern clime suits his constitution, to come out here.”

Journal. “Jan. 10. O Lord, it belongeth to thee to unvail futurity. I would in meekness and perfect reliance put my trust in thee. Prepare me for all thou art preparing for me. Whatever may be my temporal state, let not my heart forget thee.”

To his sister-in-law, in New York, he writes :

Feb. 22.

I often find in myself a disposition to repine at my condition ; but upon reflection I see that I have much to be grateful for, and must confess, that compared with thousands of the human race, I am one of the most favored, and I have not the least doubt but that I enjoy as much as if I was worth thousands. There is pleasant society here, but I mix with it but little. There is more dissipation than I like. Evening parties have their dances until twelve o'clock. Saturday evening seems a favorite time for these amusements, and it is often a lamentable fact that the late hours encroach upon the Sabbath. Another odious custom, of having dining parties on Sunday, is very annoying to me ; and the practice of

spending two, three, and sometimes five and six hours at the dinner table.

Mrs. P., in whose family I reside, is a good woman, and uses every method to please and make those happy about her. This adds much to my comfort.

To his brother John : —

SAVANNAH, Feb. 20, 1830.

DEAR BROTHER J. : I am aware that you know not what it is to be hurried, being constantly engaged to the extent of your energies. Our profession goes by fits and starts, like an unsteady team, while yours flows like the stream which carries your machinery, ever onward in the same smooth current, —

“ Strong without rage, without o’erflowing full.”

With you there are no sudden excitements — no riding horses to death in carrying expresses to take advantage of other markets — no sheriff knocking at your door while at dinner, with a protest for a note neglected to be paid ere two o’clock — no trustee process, calling you out of bed at midnight to secure bad debts — no endless lawsuits, to recover insurance on policies, or the amount of protested or non-protested bills of exchange — no depending creditors or scampering blacklegs, to cheat you out of your dues.

It is true that thus far troubles like these have not fallen upon me; but I mention them that you may know the beauties of our trade.

Only a few days since, a report of a ship's being below, after the short passage of sixty-seven hours from New York, with later European advices, reached the city at five o'clock P. M. People were out buying cotton by candle-light, giving a cent a pound (\$3 per bale) more than it could be sold for at two o'clock. All was bustle and confusion; two or three thousand bales changed hands in the course of a few hours. The next day, at Augusta, eighty miles up the river, the same trick was played. Every body was buying cotton, but no one could tell why. The prices advanced to a cent and a cent and a half, although none knew what the news was. Well, the ship came up to town, and after all, it was found that she had no later dates than had been received!

This occasioned some long faces among the purchasers. So you see there is "a time to buy and a time to sell," as the case may be. To make money, it is necessary to watch the signs of the times, to keep an eye upon every movement, be well acquainted with the quantity of stocks in foreign markets, to calculate with precision the events of the future, and keep clear of rogues.

While writing the former part of this letter, a gentleman has been reading Unitarian tracts to me. I find it of little avail to have any dispute with him. The best way is to convince such men by the purity of your life and character, your meekness and charity, that your principles are the doctrine of Christ; showing them the beneficial effects by your example, and never giving them cause to reproach you for irreligion or vice. How much vain contention might be saved by this method! How much strife and evil speaking might be done away by more humbly following the example of Christ! . . .

As you say, "time rolls away." But, my dear brother, let us, while we reflect on the shortness of its course on earth, have an eye on its infinite duration beyond this world, and though never permitted to meet again, let us rejoice in the hope of glory, and of never separating hereafter.

Your most affectionate brother,

G. W. B.

His diary now gives some account of a journey into the interior of Georgia on business connected with the banks, during which he slept for many successive nights with a large bag of specie for his pillow. "Much of the route," he says, "lay through a barren country, with little to in-

terest, except the people traveling with us, and those we met at the places of entertainment." He adds, "These places were generally constructed of logs."

SAVANNAH, April 3.

DEAR FATHER: Your esteemed favor was duly received. I do not know that I have heard of any thing more pleasing, or that could afford me more gratification, than that you have a revival of religion in Westboro'. To every Christian the increase of God's people is an infinite source of joy; but when we see converts flocking into the kingdom of Christ from our own native village — from among the companions of our youth, our school-fellows and playmates — it transcends every other cause of joy and thanksgiving. I can not but hope that it may long continue, and that its influences may be lasting upon the people of the village.

The following extract from his journal will show his views in regard to theatrical amusements: —

April.

I have this evening declined an invitation and ticket to a theatrical performance. By this course I reap the reward so often bestowed on those who would scrupulously and conscientiously adhere to the principles laid down in the gospel.

The world says, "You feel yourself too sanctified and too good to go with us." They pity me, and think me deluded. They laugh at my conscientiousness. But there is a dividing line, and how necessary that this line should be well defined and well understood by those on both sides! Let the people of God refuse to mingle with the world in their ruinous pleasures. Let them dread the idea of crossing over to them, or countenancing their sinful assemblies. Who else will show where the difference lies between the lovers of the world and the lovers of God? It should ever be a fixed principle, with believers, to discountenance all which tends to evil, in whatever shape. It is my firm belief that theaters are nurseries of vice, and it is a solemn determination with me not to aid, assist, or patronize them.

Although in doing this I displease man, yet I humbly trust I shall please God, who is the Judge, and him with whom I have to do hereafter. O thou who sustainest me, what is the praise of man to thine approbation! To thee am I accountable. "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

In his journal, under date of April 11, he says, "A few days since, as I walked through the churchyard, on Sunday, I saw a poor negro

leaning over a large tomb-stone. No one was near him, and he appeared as if lamenting the departure of some dear friend. Having seen him before, I said to him, 'Why do you stand here, Jim?' 'Ah,' said he, in broken accents and faltering words, while the tear glistened in his eye, 'My poor mistress lies here.' He could say no more, but pointed me to the stone, and from the inscription I learned she had been dead four or five years. I said to him, 'Your mistress has been dead a long time; why do you weep now?' 'Ah!' said he, 'she was so good to me; she never troubled me;' and fresh tears stole from his eyes to bedew the stone which covered her remains. 'I come here,' said he, 'every Sabbath—the rain and the cold do not keep me away—I have not missed a Sabbath since her death. When I am sick, it makes me well to come here.' 'Well, Jim,' said I, 'she is happy now; don't weep for her. If you are good, you will soon be freed from this world and all its troubles, and meet her again above.' 'I know it,' said he; 'she told me so before her death.' I passed on, leaving the poor fellow to his meditations—pitying him for the loss of a kind benefactor and friend.

"If such affection, thought I, exists in the breast of a slave, what should my love and gratitude be to God for my freedom, and the many blessings I enjoy!"

In the journal of May 9, the writer seems to mourn over a decline in the ardor of his affections. He says, "Oh, when shall I regard the world according to its worthlessness! Although I have no Christian friend to reprove me, or with whom to hold sweet converse, I am not therefore blameless. Although I have no retired closet in which to lift my prayer, I find, that by rising early on the Sabbath I can leave the city, and by taking an unfrequented path, confined in the thicket, a place of seclusion. This day I went out as usual, and came upon the same spot where, two years since, I endeavored, on my knees, to seek the forgiveness of sin. Many former impressions were revived, and I was filled with wonder and admiration at the goodness of God in bringing me from a state of ignorance and fixing my feet in a firm place; as I trust, on the Rock Christ Jesus.

'Oh, how I love to leave the haunts of men,
And seek retirement in the shady grove,
Unseen by human eye, in lonely glen,
In earnest prayer to look to him above!

'Tis there my soul, unshackled by the tie
That binds it to the vanities of earth,
Can leave the world, in raptures soar on high,
And meet the Holy One who gave it birth.'"

To his brother, in Boston, he writes: —

April 7.

I last evening attended a temperance society meeting. To see a modern champagne party here, composed of many whose names are enrolled among the members of the temperance society—to see them at the table after dinner, one could not but exclaim, “Temperance! it is nothing but a name—a fiction! Her *name* is spoken, but it is only to keep the sound, while the meaning is construed at the will of the speaker.”

I have heard nothing so good this winter as the news from Westboro’. It is like food to the starving soul to be permitted to see our village awakened. Nothing has made me feel so thankful. It is strengthening to one’s faith to hear such tidings. I can only wish the continuance of this state of things, while I mingle my prayer with others, for the coming of the Redeemer’s kingdom.

I feel isolated as regards religious society. Perhaps ’tis best. The want of an earthly friend often leads us to see the need of closer communion with our Friend above.

In a letter to the same brother, in May, in view of the state of his pecuniary affairs, he says, “I feel it necessary to economize. I suppose——thinks me a fool that I have not been more

gallant among the many ladies with whom I have become acquainted, and have not spent \$75 or \$100 for horse and coach hire, to ride and visit with them. Though I do not think some degree of pleasure of this kind at all criminal, yet I must say that I can not, in conscience, spend money in trifling, which I should not deem myself able to give in charity. Should there not be in this a fixed principle?"

These, and similar letters to his brother, were principally on business, and were generally filled with communications in regard to their mutual commercial affairs, shipping, freights, &c. But while they show the man of business, there are incidental paragraphs which show also the motives which actuated him—proving him to be also a conscientious and consistent Christian.

CHAPTER VI.

Journal.—Death of an Infant Slave.—Leaves Savannah for Boston.—Holy Aspirations.—Letter to Youngest Brother.—Unites with Old South Church, Boston.—Struggles against Natural Temperament.—Great Depression of Spirits.—Letter to Brother and Sister in New York.—Rise and Progress of Revival in Boston.—Letter to Brother John.—Anxiety about Earthly Prospects.—Letter to Sabbath School Scholar.—Formal Reasons for writing it.

SAVANNAH, June 13, 1830.

SINCE I wrote last, a fellow-being in this house has been called to resign its breath. ' And shall I say it?—this death seemed especially an occasion of thankfulness; for this being was a slave, having hardly arrived at the first anniversary of its birth, and God has taken it, in signal goodness, to himself above. It is now free—has escaped the miseries of bondage, and a life of suffering. The night after its decease, the mother, with several of the neighboring negroes, sat up watching. I was awaked at midnight by their songs, which they continued to sing until near morning. What can be more appropriate in this people than joy at the death of their children, and weeping at their birth!

The season has far advanced, the weather quite warm, and probably on the next Sabbath I

shall have embarked for the Northern States. My residence here has been pleasant, and prosperity has in a measure attended me; but when I compare the state of my mind with what it was when I came, I feel that I have wandered from my Saviour. "Oh, send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me to thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles." As I am soon to return to my native state, let my heart return, O God, to thee. I commit myself to thy protection. Thou hast often been near me, and kept my mind in peace, when the winds and the waves roared. Help me now to put my trust in thee.

Mr. Blake sailed from Savannah toward the last of June, and arrived in Boston on the 2d of July. Here he continued through this and the following year, engaged in business with his uncle. During this time, it is evident from his journal, that he was making progress in the divine life. The following lines, found among his private manuscripts, written after his return to Boston, speak the language of a soul longing for immortality:—

"Oh that I had wings like a dove," &c.

Life's tempestuous billows rolling

Display a troubled sea;

While clouds and storms obscure the sky,

And man, alas! is forced to sigh,

This is no home for me.

Upward he looks, with eager eye,
 Toward mansions of the blest ;
 He sees by faith the calms above,
 Sighs for the pinions of a dove,
 To fly and be at rest.

No joys on earth but mixed with pain ;
 All, all is poor at best ;
 Life's star affords a feeble ray ;
 Oh for the wings to speed my way
 To heaven, forever blest !

But help me, Lord, while fixed to earth,
 To be content to stay.
 And when thou shalt in mercy call,
 God of my life ! my Saviour ! all !
 With joy I'll haste away.

Sept., 1830.

To his youngest brother, then at Meriden Academy, N. H., he writes : —

Sept. 8, 1830.

I am in receipt of your last, and rejoice that you are so pleasantly situated. . . . *Most true*, our duties to God are not to be forgotten, however much our time may be occupied with the things of the world. Let us continually, dear brother, bear in mind the shortness of life, the certainty of death, and the need of constant preparation for eternity. I have a hope that we shall, through sovereign grace, meet each other beyond this life. May God grant it.

At the commencement of the year 1831, Mr.

B., according to what seems to have been his custom, takes a general retrospect of the events of the year just closed, so far as they respected his spiritual and temporal interests. He seems to have been very watchful over his spirit; and we find in the journal some solemn resolutions respecting his conduct on various points. On the last Sabbath in January he made a profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the Old South Church, in Boston, then under the charge of the Rev. Dr. B. B. Wisner.

Several pages of his journal, about this time, show a great struggle; especially against what he denominates besetting sin, over which he seems to lament most sincerely. He says, "My natural irritability of temper has caused me more broken resolutions than would fill a volume. I do mourn, but almost despair of overcoming it. It often seems to me, that if I could retire from every human eye, I could weep for hours over my frailties."

It is not intended to represent our young friend as faultless. He was of like passions with others. And to young persons, who are addicted to habits which they are convinced they ought to control and overcome, it will be encouraging to know that his struggle was not in vain. He was so enabled to overcome his impatience, that those who knew him in later life would not have sus-

pected that he had ever had occasion to write such "bitter things," as we have seen, against himself. He was, at this time, also greatly tried in regard to his condition and prospects in life. He writes in his journal, —

"Almost every day has brought the cross, but instead of taking it on my shoulders in a humble and Christ-like manner, I have repined and murmured. I am so situated that I have not an hour that I can call sacred to secret prayer." He closes this entry with this petition: "Lord, in all my trials and difficulties here, do thou support and comfort me. One drop of consolation, from the boundless sea of thy love, will afford more real joy than oceans of this world's goods."

The next letter to friends in New York is dated

Boston, March 2, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: Your good letter came duly to hand. I was glad to hear from you. I have been of late rather low-spirited. Perhaps it is from the poverty of my prospects in business. At any rate, I see but little worth living for in this world. If this feeling arose from a right spirit, and if, with strong faith and hope, I could heartily sigh for heaven, there would be some consolation for me. But not so;

there is still an unsubdued spirit in me. The best efforts of man, unblessed, are unavailing; and only the power of him who taught us to look from the earth can make us relinquish it for the love of heaven. If he has by his power raised us above the vanities of the world, he alone can sustain us above them, and prevent the weight of corruption from sinking us again. To console me, I doubt not you would remind me that the willingness of Christ seldom fails to meet the best endeavors of men, and I must confess that there is a solace in this idea; and the thought of what you would say to me has brought it to my mind.

I hear good news from your city. It is refreshing to learn that the work of the Lord is going on. If he did not permit us to see the people occasionally drawing from the wells of salvation, we should be apt to doubt the efficacy of the living waters; and neglecting to dispense them to the needy, we should also leave off drinking ourselves. It is a time for gratitude and rejoicing with the Christian; and we must be quickened to improve it to our spiritual advantage.

The churches will remember with gratitude the precious revivals of 1831. Such were the displays of almighty power, that Christians could

only look on with wonder and admiration ; and feeling the inadequacy of the means used, and their own insignificance, they were constrained to give God the glory.

Some extracts from the journal, which show the progress of the work in Boston, will be given.

SABBATH EVENING, March 20.

The last week has been distinguished in this city by an increase of religious interest. Prayer meetings have been held, and days of fasting and humiliation set apart by several of the evangelical churches ; and all who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity are looking for the coming of the Saviour, to bless us with the outpouring of his Spirit. We have news daily of revivals all around us ; at New York, New Haven, Hartford, Albany, and in Vermont, and in Maine.

Under same date, he says, "Yesterday was observed as a day of humiliation and prayer by the Sabbath school teachers of this city." Of himself he says, "I did earnestly desire the salvation of my Sabbath school class. I spoke to them to-day, each in turn, of repentance for sin, and the necessity of it *now* ; but their apparent indifference distressed me. I have resolved to think much of them during the present week, and to pray much for them."

March 27, he writes, "I have this week heard of the conversion of three dear relatives, in different places. Is not the world to be prepared for the millennium by revivals of religion? And what great multitudes are still dead in trespasses and sins! May this blessed work continue."

SUNDAY, April 10.

The work is going on. The Lord is reviving the church, and causing sinners to inquire the way to Zion. Hundreds are asking, What shall I do to be saved? Christians are saying, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? Never did I enjoy greater spiritual privileges. Never have I incurred such fearful responsibilities as at this time. Never have I had occasion to be more watchful, more prayerful, more sober-minded; never to live a more holy life, in all manner of conversation. . . . The coming week will be one of peculiar interest. Religious exercises are to be continued for four successive days, by the evangelical churches in this city.

April 17.

Never have I witnessed a season of such blessed privileges as during the last week. Many an anxious soul has found peace in believing. Many a careless sinner has been awakened; and

hardened rebels have been softened to contrition. This is truly God's work, and who can doubt but he is in the midst of this city! . . . When I could attend on the public services, I found it good to be there. It was reviving to see so many, who before, like Gallio, cared for none of these things, now listening intently to the words of truth. In the countenances of many deep anxiety was to be seen; and when the invitation was given to inquirers to remain, many seemed gladly to keep their seats.

May 1.

What a privilege to live at this time! Surely the prophet must have had reference to these days, when he exclaims, "Who are these that fly as clouds, and as doves to their windows?" How do these scenes strengthen faith, and encourage hope! "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

To his brother John he writes, —

Boston, May 3, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER: Your kind letter contained much good news, and was gratefully received. The revival of religion continues here, and is working wonders. But there are so many of those who are still unconcerned, that there seems yet to be a great work to do; *Christians* are not

yet more than half awake. For myself, as a soldier of the cross, I sometimes think I am but a straggler after the camp; and no doubt there are many more, who, like me, follow in the distance. Nevertheless, our Captain is marching onward; his kingdom is advancing. We must pray, and faint not. The Lord has remembered our family in mercy. Let us be grateful, but humble.

In his journal, May 26, he writes, "Never did I before so much realize the truth, that he who would serve God must endure a conflict. I see enough to convince me that there is much among Christians which I have not yet attained, and a little reflection shows me the necessity of perseverance, if I would overcome and gain the victory. But a sense of my inward defects and wrong propensities again almost discourages me. This life is indeed a continual warfare, and he who would be a soldier of the cross must put on the whole armor of God, and fight the good fight of faith."

In subsequent pages of the journal, particulars are given of kind and faithful religious conversations held by Mr. B. with several individuals. Eternity will disclose the results. For these individuals he offered fervent prayer at his evening

devotions. To his Sabbath school scholars it is also evident he was most faithful in conversation and in prayer.

About this time Mr. B.'s health seems not to have been perfect; and he was becoming somewhat anxious about his prospects in life. For some reason they seemed clouded, and he was tried in spirit.

He writes, —

July 16.

I confess that I need this; I have deserved this, and I hope and pray that it may do me good. O my soul, remember that this world is not thy home — this is not thy rest. Thou art destined for heaven. Then be not discouraged because of perplexities and trials; trust in God. He is thy portion for ever.

The following letter, addressed to one of his Sabbath school scholars who was about to leave this country to make the tour of Europe, was found among his private manuscripts: —

Boston, Oct. 23, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I lament that I am under the necessity of leaving town this evening, or tomorrow morning early, as it will deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you again, and prevent me

from fulfilling my promise to be present at your embarkation.

I therefore avail myself of this method of saying farewell to you, and of expressing the deep interest which I feel in all that concerns you, as well as to add a few words of advice; which, knowing your willingness to give me your attention heretofore, I trust you will not take amiss.

I am not entirely inexperienced in the dangers which beset a young traveler. You are accompanied by a friend, who, I doubt not, will be careful to advise you in respect to your moral habits.

I know that you can not forget your beloved country, and the ideas of true liberty so dear to every American heart. I know you can not forget your parents, your home, and the duties you owe to your kindred; but I do feel that you may forget what is infinitely more important — your duty to God and to your own soul. To remind you of these is the principal object of this letter. Will you not, my dear L., often think of these? Often recall to mind the repeated warnings from our good pastor, Dr. Wisner, and those which you have, from time to time, heard in the Sabbath school. Be assured, I shall often have you in mind, and while I pray that you may be prosperous and happy in this life, I shall also pray that you may become interested in the great salvation by Jesus Christ.

Let me urge you to read your Bible, and think much of God. Do it often, with the most profound reverence for its divine Author. Labor not only to acquire a correct judgment of what is beautiful and sublime in nature, but also to get more enlarged views of the great first Cause, the Author and Supporter of all things. Let a sight of the poor, oppressed, and ignorant of our fellow-men, so common in the countries to which you are going, make you thankful for your birth in a land of freedom and plenty.

You know that I have often asked you to become a Christian. You know the reason—that you may enjoy true happiness here and hereafter. And what need I say more, except adieu! Go and prosper, and believe me sincere when I subscribe myself, your affectionate friend and Sabbath school teacher.

The journal, which appears to have been discontinued for a time, again commences, preceded by the following observations:—

SUNDAY, Oct. 30.

In consequence of reading an article in the Spirit of the Pilgrims, two or three months since, upon diaries or journals, I resolved to discontinue mine. But I have since often felt the need of it, and I do believe that one properly kept may do an individual much good. The objection urged

against them by the writer of the article was, that they were, in fact, but the effusions of hypocrisy ; being written, confessedly, only for the eye of the writer, but with a secret intention to have them afterward exhibited to others ; that all the penitence and humility expressed was but a veil to cover pride, and gain the applause of men.

Now, this may, in some instances, be true, and may possibly be true in my own case. I hope not, however. My motives are, for keeping a journal,—

1. My own improvement in composition.
2. To get better views of the subjects I undertake to study.
3. That I may get the habit of thinking systematically, and of communicating my thoughts with ease. Besides, my class in the Sabbath school are of an age to require forethought and study in an instructor. I may hope, in this way, to make some improvement that may turn to *their* account.

CHAPTER VII.

Decides to leave Boston for West Indies.—Letters to Brothers.—Voyage to St. Domingo.—Letter to Sister in K.—Scenes in the City.—Sunday in the City.—Lines on Fruits of Canaan.—Disagreeable Detention.—Favorable Specimen of Papal Religion.—Letter to Brother in Boston.—Unpleasant Voyage to Jacmel.—No Christian Friends.—Letter to Twin Brother.—Numerous Temptations.—Firm Trust in God.

MR. BLAKE, having decided in the beginning of 1832 to leave Boston in the prosecution of his business, took an affectionate leave of his Sabbath school class, and made serious and earnest appeals to them in regard to their duty. He says, in his journal, "They gave unusual attention, and I can not but hope, through the blessing of God, that it may be the means of good to their souls."

He also writes as follows to his brother at New Haven:—

Boston, Jan. 12, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER: Amidst a thousand things to think of, you, at this time, stand out most prominently in my mind. And it is with a feeling of sadness that I take this occasion to inform you that I am going away, and to bid you fare-

well. I go in a few days to Newburyport, from whence I take passage to the city of St. Domingo, in the West Indies. My destination on arriving there is uncertain. I may remain a year, and if every thing is favorable, I may establish myself for several years. However this may be, you shall hear from me after I arrive there. I shall wish to hear from you as often as practicable. I have been at home so long that it seems hard to leave the endearments of my native land. But I must go. I feel that I am accountable for the exercise of my one talent, and I can not be content to stay and let it rust, by being only a clerk with a salary.

I wish you to remember me to all our friends in New Haven. I shall think of them all in my absence, and often recount the pleasant hours I have spent with them. And as I wish them to pray for me, so I shall often pray for them. As for yourself, my dear brother, accept the assurances of every brotherly affection, and permit me to ask your kind intercessions at a throne of grace. Although the ocean often separates us in this world, yet praised be God, we both hope to meet in heaven at last. Let us keep this ever in view, and while it will cheer and comfort us to the end of our pilgrimage, it will enable us more to honor and glorify him who purchased for us this blessed privilege with his blood.

To his brother E., in Yale College, same date:—

DEAR E.: I refer you to my letter to brother J. in regard to my contemplated residence in the West Indies, and bid you good by. I have you often in my memory, and wish you every thing you can desire.

I can not but refer to one of the inconsistencies of mankind with which I have been struck to-day. Many say to me, and expect to see me greatly alarmed, You will die if you go and stay there; while they are told daily, by the passing hearse, that they too must die, while they neither give heed to it themselves, nor expect others to do it. So you see self is apt to be immortal, and every body else mortal. A man will say, *you* will die a hundred times, where he will say, *I* must die, only once. For myself, I consider the event predicted very possible. Time alone will tell. It only remains for me to be ready. Let us do what we have to do for Christ quickly; and if we are his, we need never fear the approach of death.

Journal. At sea, lon. 66° W., lat. 25° N.

SUNDAY, Jan. 29, 1832.

A change in my situation and prospects has placed me on shipboard, amidst the noise of

many waters, in a new climate, and under new responsibilities. Here, on this holy day, I would record the Lord's wonderful goodness to me. We have been truly prosperous in our voyage. The winds and the waves have been almost constantly favorable. And while we have an abundance of provisions, we have fallen in with those who have been famishing; whose passage had been prolonged, and their provisions exhausted, and they had been obliged to live on raw hides for days together. Besides supplying them with provisions we gave them a sail, to set upon their naked masts, to enable them to reach their port. I have no fellow-Christian with whom to hold sweet converse on those things which concern our everlasting welfare; but blessed be God, I find the Saviour even here, and can often commune with him from off the mercy seat. To-day I sent by the steward some tracts to the sailors in the fore-castle. I think much of the church, of the Sabbath school, and of the many interesting meetings of the week at home; and as the time passes when I know them to be assembled, I endeavor to feel with them in the spirit, although far separated in the body.

In speaking of the voyage, he says, "I have not seen a Bible on board, except my own; nor have I seen any of the crew reading a religious

book, except the second officer, who had a 'Seaman's Hymn Book,' presented by his mother; and the steward, a negro, who was earnestly engaged by candle-light in reading a tract which I gave him. Thus they are navigating the ocean of life without compass or chart!"

Having arrived at his destination, he writes to his sister, in K., as follows:—

CITY OF ST. DOMINGO, Feb. 13, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER: I was not able to write you before I left Boston, and therefore deem you entitled to the first services of my pen from abroad. I arrived on the 5th, after a pleasant passage of fifteen days. Preserved by the blessing of God, I still remain in good health. My destination from this place is Jacmel, or Jaquemel, about two hundred miles west.

I expect to leave here in the course of three or four days, in a Haytien vessel. So much for the things of this life. Of that which is to come I am enabled to say, I have it in prospect by faith, and only desire to be more prepared; so that when this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, I may enter with joy into the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

This city, the first founded by Europeans in the new world, was built by Christopher Columbus, soon after the discovery of the island.

While I write you I have the massive and crumbling ruins of his old castle in full view from my window. The interior has fallen down, but the walls are still standing, and plainly show the marks of former grandeur. I have visited this, and have taken from the arch of the door which led from his sleeping room, a piece of the coral rock of which it is built, which I have saved for Mr. B. There are also in the city the ruins of several ancient churches, built by the Spaniards. They are of great extent, particularly that which once belonged to the Franciscan order of friars. This is now fast decaying, and is much dilapidated. You would be surprised at its extent. It covers two or three acres of ground. The principal apartment is more than one hundred feet by forty. Beside this there are four or five chapels, two thirds as large. There are three large courts, eighty feet square, with fountains or wells in the center, surrounded by piazzas of two or three stories; opening into which are cells, twelve to fifteen feet square. Of these cells, I should think there were from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five. The roof of the large apartment has fallen through in two or three places. The galleries and organ loft also are down, while the beautiful pillars remain as solid as ever. The gilded carving and stucco work, which decorated the cross,

have been torn off by the negroes ; while of the altar, the holy basin, and the various images of Popery, there remain only sufficient to show where they formerly stood. The sepulchers have all been dug up, and the floor, or I may say the ground, (for there is no floor,) is strewn with gilded ornaments, broken up, and with the skulls and bones of its former tenants.

In the niches, where once stood representations of saints, or of the Virgin, are piles of human skulls in sad array. A naval officer, from one of our national vessels which was in port last week, being with me, thought it a good place to study craniology, and we spent some time in overhauling these sad relics of mortality, and speculated upon the probabilities as to the characters, disposition, and country of their former occupants. For my part, I looked on all that surrounded me as emblematical of the downfall of Popery and superstition, and praised God for it.

While in the church, walking past the door of a cell in one of the piazzas, which are now inhabited by a company of poor emigrant negroes, I inquired of an old woman in Spanish for something, and was surprised to hear her answer in English. I asked her where she came from ? She said from America — said she was sick and poor, and went frequently a whole day

without eating. I looked at her with kindness, and she further said, eyeing me very closely, "This child look as if he love my God;" and upon my saying I hoped I did, she shook my hand with a good deal of affection. She was a Methodist emigrant from Baltimore; said she had property and children there, and came out to stay six months for her health; and in consequence of a law prohibiting the blacks from leaving Hayti without a passport, (which she was unable to pay for,) she had remained in the church seven years. The tears ran down her old cheeks as she said, if it was God's will, she could spend the few remaining days she had to live thus separated from her home. She spoke well upon religion, and actually seemed to live upon it. She laughed in the midst of her tears, as she spoke of the goodness of God.

On the Sunday evening following, a pious American shipmaster, who resides here, asked me to go to church, and took me to this same Franciscan ruin. The door at one end was open; and as I walked in, I saw that a small part of that end of the large apartment had been separated from the rest by a partition of rough boards. It was now partially lighted by four or five tallow candles. The ground was scraped clean, and there were five or six rough seats fixed on stakes around an old desk. The

moon shone in through the broken roof, and seemed to give more light than the candles. There were about ten persons in all, who compose the congregation. One of the negroes preached, extempore; and after a good deal of repetition closed off, and the service was turned into a prayer meeting. And I can assure you, that even amid the shrill notes of the lizards, which live beneath the vines that overrun the building, and the barbarous music of a negro ball in the neighborhood, it made my heart leap to hear the voice of prayer, and the Lord's song in a strange land. The negroes had good voices, and I can never forget the impression made by the two lines which they sung last:—

“His truth shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.”

As the sound died away among the old arches of superstition and ignorance, the echo seemed to say it over and over again.

I learned after the meeting, that this was a small Methodist society composed of emigrants from the United States; and that I had been to the only *Protestant* church in all the Spanish part of the Island. The natives are all Catholics, or nothing at all. Sunday is a holiday. The shops are open, and balls and entertainments are given. Justice is here easily bought.

The rich are degraded by the worst of vices, and the poor are wretched in the extreme.

The antiquity of the city alone makes it interesting. The walls, gates, forts, castles, and towers are all ancient and worth seeing. It is to be regretted that the antipathy of the native negroes to the Spaniards has led them to demolish many things which were worth preserving. Only a year since they took from the church several loads of human bones, (Spanish,) of which they made a bonfire. They destroyed also many beautiful monuments and paintings. You may suppose that these Catholics care little about their religion, when they violate their sanctuaries in this manner; and it is indeed true. I do believe that if the truth was preached here faithfully in their own tongue, it would do immense good to thousands. How I lament that I do not know more of the Spanish and French languages, although I am daily endeavoring to improve in them! I can get along in business, but can not converse sufficiently to teach one of these poor people the knowledge of a Saviour.

I am surrounded on all sides by temptations of which you can have no conception. Do pray that I may not fall into them. I think often of my brothers and sisters, and frequently of the affliction *you* were called to endure in the death

of your dear E. I assure you I do feel a brother's sympathy, and ever shall. Will you not write me often? I am sure you would, if you could conceive the joy that letters from my friends give me when so far separated from them. I am becoming accustomed to the manner of living here. Rise at six, take one cup of coffee at six and one half; breakfast at eleven, dine at five, and go to bed at ten. I am, most sincerely, your affectionate brother.

In his journal he writes, —

SUNDAY, ST. DOMINGO, Feb. 19.

I have been permitted this morning to assemble with a few sable Africans in a social prayer meeting, and by request, to lift up my voice with theirs in supplication and thanksgiving. There were but five present, but these were sufficient to claim the promise, "Where two or three," &c.

It is mournful to see so small a number surrounded by so many enemies of the cross, struggling against so many temptations and trials as they have to encounter in this dark land of superstition. But the words of Jesus, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," should dispel our fears.

Every Sabbath here is a military day, and all the citizens, sixteen years old and upward,

are reviewed in regiments or companies. These soldiers repair to the field before day for this review. How few Christian soldiers would thus rise early, that they might be prepared to meet and resist the enemies of their souls!

Feb. 26.

This Sabbath I have partly spent in retirement, and partly with a fellow-Christian and countryman, whom a kind Providence has thrown in my way. I find the beauty of the proverb exemplified in his company, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so the countenance of a man his friend."

Mr. Blake deplores the ignorance and superstition prevailing about him, and contrasts them with the state of things in his own country. He trusts, notwithstanding, that there may be some Christians there, among whom was, perhaps, his landlady. She was scrupulously exact in her devotions, "though Santa Marie got a large portion of her worship;" and "as her departed friends might be in purgatory," every Friday night, when the Virgin is supposed especially to intercede, she is sure to leave a white candle burning in a snug corner of her house. He adds, "Her temper and conduct are, in many respects, a model for any one." The object of Mr. Blake's visit to this island, as on former

voyages of this kind, was to make purchases of the produce of the country and ship them to Boston. The expedition was planned between himself and a merchant in that city, and they were equally concerned in the enterprise.

After being detained longer than he intended in St. Domingo, he sailed for Jacmel; and we find the following notice of the voyage in his journal:—

JACMEL, HAYTI, SUNDAY, March 11, 1832.

I sailed from St. Domingo on this day, a week since; arrived here late on Friday evening, and landed Saturday morning. I feel that I never had more cause for gratitude than at the present moment.

Exposed on the ocean six days and six nights in a miserable, leaky, and rotten vessel, to the mercy of an ignorant captain who ran ashore once, and whose perverseness and unfriendliness would not permit him to bestow one comfort, or show a symptom of human kindness, such as is often found in the vilest of men; sleeping, or rather watching through the nights in the open air, the rain often descending in torrents, the sea breaking over me and wetting me through, while at day exposed to the rays of a tropical sun; and yet, blessed be God, I have reached my port in safety and in health.

I find here many Protestant foreigners, but as

yet apparently no Christians. All that I have met are blasphemers, and are continually cursing and swearing in conversation. These are the nearest earthly associates I can have here. When I think with what my path is surrounded, and the number of the enemy without, together with my own evil heart and propensities, I am ready to sink down, as did Peter, and cry, "Lord, save me, or I perish! But, Lord, forgive my weakness of faith. Thy strength is sufficient for me! Enable me to tread the thorny road, fearless of man — fearful only of thee. O my Saviour, I do promise to be only thine, and wilt thou condescend to be my refuge at all times?"

JACMEL, March 26.

The Lord hath prospered me, and spared me to see another of his holy Sabbaths. I am invited to dine, to ride, to walk, to purchase, and to sell, on the Sabbath; and when I state that I do not dine out, ride or walk abroad, or do any business on Sunday, they look at me with astonishment. They have always been accustomed to consider religion as a local thing; and to think there is a great difference between a Christian at home, and a Christian abroad. The Lord has given me grace thus far to declare fearlessly my relation to him; and though I be openly scorned, I can secretly rejoice that I am counted worthy to suffer for Christ.

I sometimes hear in their conversation the taunting words, Methodists, Presbyterians, coupled with curses. I rejoice, and am grateful to God, that I am one of the class whom they affect to despise. How much should they be pitied! The very men using this language were born and educated in the doctrines they revile!

JACMEL, April 8.

I have this day been reading Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and have followed Christian and his associates, Hopeful and Faithful, from the City of Destruction, until they had passed the gate of the Celestial City. How often do I find myself in the difficulties and dangers which they met with; and how often am I assaulted with the enemies they encountered! In this place I find many Hills of Difficulty, roaring lions, Apollyons, and many a Worldly Wiseman; and I am often tempted by Mr. By-Ends and Mr. Legality.

O Lord, sustain me through this conflict. Keep my erring feet from straying into forbidden paths. I bless thee, that I can trust in *thee*; and that while thousands around me are hastening to destruction, thou hast shown me my danger, and hast put into my hands the keys of eternal life. Oh, incomprehensible grace! Oh, love divine! May I adore, obey, and serve thee, while I ascribe all to my blessed Saviour.

“ Lord, unto thee I lift my cry,
And make my daily prayer ;
While thickening darts around me fly,
Oh, let me ne’er despair.

“ Let the uplifting of my hands
(My heart arising too)
Be as the daily sacrifice,
And every evening new.

“ A watch, O Lord, before my lips,
I pray thee, ever place ;
To keep the door, that I may speak
Of naught against thy grace.”

To his twin brother : —

JACMEL, HAYTI, April 9.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN : The climate here is delightful. The soil is so fine as to produce from one day’s labor what would support a man six days ; and man here seems proportionally ungrateful and indolent. The government is nominally republican, but in reality despotic and tyrannical. The trade is in the hands of those who can pay the greatest bribes. I have now been here four weeks, and think of leaving in a few days for Aux Cayes ; from thence to visit some other ports, and return here or to the United States. So far, by God’s blessing, I have enjoyed excellent health, and have been prospered as well as I could expect. I find my privations very great. You would not need to

be here more than two weeks, to make you doubly value the privileges of New England. Here is no religion. All is a mockery. No concern for perishing souls, until the persons who possessed them have died; and then, prayers are said for them in good earnest, and only then; and these last as long as the surviving relations can afford to pay for them. The priest pleads hardest, and loudest, and longest, for those who pay him the most money, and make him the most presents. Just place yourself among such a set, with a few Americans and Europeans to swear in English, the priest to pray in Latin, the people repeating their Ave Maria's in French Creole, and you stand in my shoes.

My path is a rugged one. I find no fellow-Christian here, no lovers of the Lord Jesus Christ; none to counsel and advise; none to comfort and help me in my spiritual warfare. I am looked upon as a prodigy, because I will not play at billiards on Sunday, as most Americans are accustomed to do here. And I can assure you that it requires much grace to light one through this heathenish darkness. Faith in Christ alone can sustain me. This I pray for, and I hope my Saviour will vouchsafe to give it. Be grateful for your privileges, and pray for your brother, who is deprived of them.

I hope I may be able to do something for the cause of Christ in this desolate place, and obey the command to let my light shine before men. But I feel that, at present, amid the blackness of darkness that surrounds me, it must be but a dim taper.

In his journal he writes : —

AUX CAYES, April 22.

During the last week I have been witness to all the superstitious ceremonies of the Catholic church, which usually take place during the holidays of Good Friday. I have great cause for thanksgiving that I can look above all these forms to find my happiness, and that I can see that they are useless and extravagant. My business has absorbed many of my thoughts this day. Oh, what temptations are continually besetting me ! what trifles will take my attention ! Lord, suffer me not to fall. Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.

PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI, SABBATH, May 6.

Amidst a thousand difficulties and dangers I safely arrived at this place the last week ; and I have additional reason for blessing the Lord, who daily loadeth me with benefits.

I had hoped to find some fellow-Christian here, but as yet I have not succeeded ; so that

instead of looking for the *subjects*, I have more earnestly to seek for the King, who is ever ready to give audience, and whose presence fully compensates for the absence of his people. I have hitherto found it as difficult to keep the Lord's day in a strange land, as did the Israelites to sing the Lord's song by the rivers of Babylon. Although I can not forget thee, O Jerusalem, and although I can say, I prefer thee above my chief joy, yet I am so far separated from all who love thy courts, that I am continually inclined to be led away by the hand of strange children.

Lord, though I can not serve thee as I would, and keep thy Sabbaths in the way of thine appointment, yet I do love and value them. The church with which I am connected is this day celebrating the Lord's supper.

Oh that my soul could have a corresponding feeling with what theirs should be who commemorate the dying love of Jesus!

CHAPTER VIII.

Port au Prince. — A Case of Sickness. — Returns to Boston. — Letter to youngest Brother, in Yale College. — Sails for Buenos Ayres. — Journal at Sea. — Severe Gales. — Letter to Father. — Picture of Romanism. — Letter to Brother and Sister. — Struggles against Temptations. — Letter to Brother in Yale College. — Disturbed State of the City. — Solitariness.

IN the next pages of his journal we find a reminiscence of a young man whom he met on the south side of this island.

“He was,” he writes, “a young gentleman of respectability and good education. He came to the island in pursuit of health, suffering under a disease which will, no doubt, end his life in less than a twelvemonth.

“He told me that he was a free-thinker; that his father and mother were both Christians; that they had used every means in their power to lead him to think and feel as they did; that he had himself tried to be a Christian, but all without effect; that he had become skeptical, and doubted as to any existence hereafter. He asked my views and feelings. I told him he was on dangerous ground; that religion would make him happy here, and could not harm him

if there should be no existence after death. I advised him to be *sure*. ‘Do you believe in any God?’ said I. ‘Yes; the God of Nature,’ said he. ‘Do you believe that he cares any thing about men, and that prayer is of any use?’ ‘Yes, I believe he loves men, because he has given them so much to enjoy; and I believe he hears their prayers, because he loves them.’ ‘Then,’ said I, ‘if you are in doubt, go to him in prayer. Tell him you wish to know what to believe; that if the Bible is true, you desire to be guided into all truth; that if Christ is the Saviour, you wish to be enlightened in regard to him. Pray with all earnestness. Tell him you deem it a question of life and death to know your duty, and that you are determined to do it. Tell him he knows all things — that you are human, erring, short-sighted, and compared with him, know nothing. If,’ said I, ‘you do this in earnest, you *will know* what is right, and can not mistake, for God himself will direct you. Men may tell you different stories to perplex you, and they may err, like yourself; *go to God.*’

“I left him, and prayed for him; and often after would commend him to God. I saw him again only to say farewell. I had a yearning over his soul which he knew not of. How would I have rejoiced to know that he was a Christian!

His parents — how would they welcome him home, although so soon to be consigned to the grave, if they knew he was prepared for a happy end ! ”

PORT AU PRINCE, SUNDAY, May, 1832.

During the last week several conflicting events have tried me much. The results have not yet been made known to me ; but I bless God that he will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly, and that all things shall work together for good to them that love God. O Lord, let me not murmur or repine when I meet with disappointments.

Has the vessel that was to bear me home left me behind ? It may be that my life was to be saved thereby. Have my friends forgotten me ? It is, perhaps, to save me from my enemies. Therefore let me be content ; careful always to do my duty, pursuing always that course, prayerfully, which, with due reflection, appears for the best, and leave events to him who alone controls them, and who in infinite wisdom orders every providence aright.

AT SEA, LON. 75° W., LAT. 32° N.

SUNDAY, June 10, 1832.

This is the second Sabbath since I left the land. After long journeying and many perils I am now on my way to the land of my nativity.

May this remind me of the time when my earthly pilgrimage will be brought to a close, and of my approach toward the beautiful city in the heavens — the new Jerusalem — where the toils of life are felt no more ; where all my joys will be perfected in my nearness to Christ, and my fellowship with the saints. Do I long for favorable winds to swell our sails, that we may arrive speedily at our port? So may I long for the celestial breezes — the breath of heaven — to waft my soul nearer the blessed haven of peace! I have been thinking much of home, and the church, and looking back on all the way in which the Lord has led me ; and I feel that he is with me, even here, this day.

SUNDAY, BOSTON, July 2.

I landed at Philadelphia two weeks since this day, at noon, just in time to reach Dr. Skinner's church in Mulberry Street, and attend the afternoon service. I could hardly refrain from tears, when again permitted to unite in prayers and praises with the people of God. The Saviour was indeed very precious ; and the sermon, from "He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions," was well adapted to my circumstances and frame of mind. The preacher described minutely the motives which should influence those who go abroad in search of wealth. To-

day I have been permitted to sit with my own people at the table of the Lord. May the occasion be blessed to my soul!

To his youngest brother, in Yale College:—

BOSTON, June 27, 1832.

DEAR BROTHER EDWARD: I am glad to hear of the revival among you again, and of the distinguished subjects of it which you mention. You ask my opinion on two important questions. The first, "Are Christians in America self-denying, constant, and zealous enough to insure the spread of the gospel?" I think all will answer in the negative. The second question, "Can a man forsake all and follow Christ, and manifest at the same time as much indifference in his cause as three-fourths of the professors of religion in our country do?" is more difficult to answer. If we say "no," we shut three-fourths of the American Christians out of heaven. If we say "yes," we justify many in a worldly and sensual life. We might inquire what it is for *ourselves* to forsake all and follow Christ, and perhaps be better profited, since no man is permitted to judge his neighbor in spiritual affairs. I consider it to be the denying ourselves those pleasures and gratifications which war against the soul; turning our backs upon every thing, however lovely, that would obstruct

our pilgrimage toward Zion. Bunyan's hero, flying, and stopping his ears, is a good illustration. We have natural desires and spiritual desires. Whichever predominates, decides the character. These two kinds of desires clash; and may, in many of the really pious, for want of self-examination and watchfulness, be so nearly balanced in their effects as to render it doubtful which is the most cherished. A man may not know himself, and surely others can not know for him. Such characters are to be pitied. They are a kind of camp-loiterers. They may fight if they are called out, and get engaged; or they may be emissaries of the wicked one. Our Saviour had many followers when on earth. Some attended close to his person; others followed at a distance. There were many who were engaged in the various trades and occupations of life; and we read of only a few chosen ones who were called to forsake them. Many pursued them apparently with his approbation; and the apostle testifies that it is good to be "diligent in business."

It is my desire to love this world so little that when I am called to leave it, my soul may only have to disentangle itself from the body, and not be obliged to break those iron bands which too often bind the Christian to this earth. I would enjoy every pleasure here but in part. The cup

of happiness here should be served up with that bitter herb, uncertainty. Security should only exist in a feeling of insecurity."

In the summer of 1832, Mr. Blake, in pursuance of his commercial plans, left Boston for Buenos Ayres, in South America. He started at short notice, first taking an affectionate leave of dear friends. We give an extract from his journal on the voyage:—

AT SEA, SUNDAY, July 29.

After eighteen hours' notice of the destination of this vessel, I found myself, at 12 o'clock, on the 18th, sailing rapidly away from friends and country, bound to a distant port. This is now the Lord's day, and the eleventh of our voyage. So far we have made progress almost unprecedented, and beyond our utmost expectations. The gulf and its turbulent waters have been passed, and we are now sailing with every thing propitious in the smooth waters of a more genial clime. The weather is delightful, and all that surrounds us seems calculated to call forth the most lively gratitude to him "whose path is in the great waters." I can not but hope that I may yet find some one, or more, in our company, who has tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious.

The captain expressed much surprise that I, who had been about the world so much, should be a Christian, and believe the orthodox faith; says he can hardly credit it. I hope, nevertheless, to bear witness to the truth, and to convince him by my life and conversation on board the ship, that a man with a knowledge of the world may yet be among the meek and humble followers of Jesus. I told him how much every oath and idle mention of God's name grieved me, although I had not said this at the time he uttered them. He said, his wife did not approve of it, and 'for her sake,' he condescended to ask me to check him, in future.

AT SEA, Lat. 6° south, Aug. 26.

I have been comparing the flying fish, myriads of which are continually hovering about us, to the Christian. Their innocence and beauty, their peculiar distinction from all other fishes, which are their enemies, and the means which a wise Creator has provided for their escape from danger, the power to raise themselves above the world of waters, and then to let themselves down again into its depths, are very remarkable.

“Such the pure soul that scorns to rest
Upon the world's ignoble breast,
But takes the plume that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven.”

“But when I see that wing so bright,
Grow languid by a moment’s flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again,”—

I can not help following the poet through,
uttering his prayer:—

“O virtue, when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit’s flight be weak;
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dripping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow,
And plunge again to depths below:

“But when I leave the grosser throng,
With whom my soul has dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there!” *

Our young friend found no one on the ship like-minded with himself; on the contrary, “some who even hated with a perfect hatred the religion of Christ.” But though he had no human fellowship, it is evident that his faith was strong in God, and that he maintained constant communion with him. In an entry in his journal of September 2, he says, “I have renewed my covenant with the Lord, and feel strengthened by it.” Again: “I feel even here, far at sea,

that the hand of the Lord leads me, and his right hand upholds me." On another page he says, "I shall soon be a stranger in a strange land. Lord, may I ever feel myself such while in the flesh, separated from heaven and thee."

SUNDAY, Sept. 16. Off the River La Plata.

The last ten days have been clouded with disappointment. We have been driven from our course, and have had two of the most severe gales, or tempests, I have ever experienced at sea. The first continued forty-eight hours, the last, thirty-six. In the first, we were in great danger of foundering from the leaking of the vessel. The pumps became choked, and it required great exertion to free her. The waves rose in awful sublimity, and each threatened to overwhelm us; carrying away our bulwarks and deck-houses, opening our seams, and letting the water through upon us in streams. Had the gale continued a few hours longer we must all have been in eternity. The last gale was nearly as severe, parting our stays, and I was momentarily expecting to hear the crash of falling masts. If we had lost these, we must have been left to starve upon the broad ocean. Happily they were again secured. The tempest passed, and we still live to see the light of this holy day, one of the most pleasant which I ever witnessed.

Notwithstanding the wonderful proofs of God's power which we have witnessed, our captain and crew seem wholly unmindful of his existence, though they still continue to blaspheme his name. They boast of the strength of the vessel, and their skill in directing it, to which they attribute our deliverance. But I must ascribe our wonderful escape to him who ruleth the raging of the sea. O Lord, to thee be all the glory. I thank thee that I was enabled through the greatest danger to maintain a cheerful and resigned temper; and I pray that thou wouldst enable me to fulfill the vows I made at that season.

To his father :—

BUENOS AYRES, Sept. 29.

MY DEAR FATHER: Three months since I little thought of writing to you from this place; and now it seems hardly true that I am six thousand miles from home. When I think of the tempests and billows, and remember that the turbulent ocean separates me from the land of my fathers, my heart almost sickens; while the uncertainty of the future prevents me from looking forward with any assurance to the happy period of again visiting it. You may, perhaps, think that as I become familiar with such circumstances, I should bear these separations with less and less feeling. But it is not so. Home,

when I first left it, was dear ; next it was precious ; then it was most desirable of all places ; and now I am ready to say in good earnest, 'There is no place like home ;' and every separation, I think, should add another 'sweet' to the song.

I wrote a few lines to you as I was sailing out of Boston harbor, which I hope you have received. Exactly nine weeks afterward, I landed at this place, on the 19th inst. The celebrated river on which this city stands, is said to be one of the largest in the world. But I can only tell you that I am now two hundred miles from its mouth, and am not able to see the opposite shore — the width here being thirty miles. This will give you some idea of its size. My business occupies me almost constantly, permitting me to snatch only time to perform my religious duties, and occasionally give an hour or two to my friends. I desire to tender my warmest love to you and mother,* and to be remembered to all in W. who remember me. I have many fears in regard to the cholera at home. I hope all our friends will be spared, but pray that all may be prepared for what our heavenly Father has prepared for them. I know that all things will go well with them that fear God. But, alas, for others a fearful looking for of judgment must be,

* His father had again married.

at such a time, placed before them, and be brought to bear upon their minds with an overwhelming effect. May you and yours escape. I endeavor to accustom myself to think of death as always near, a waiting servant, myself a debtor; and I never write a letter to send any distance but I am reminded of the frailty of man. Thus I think to myself, I do not know that I shall live to receive a reply. I do not know, alas, that the person lives to whom I write, and who can tell who shall read the lines I am *now* penning? Such are the uncertainties of our existence here; and they are to our lives a bitter, but, nevertheless, a wholesome draught; and when taken as the Lord prepares it, may form one of those blessed ingredients which make up the cup of salvation.

In his journal he writes:—

BUENOS AYRES, SUNDAY, Sept. 30, 1832.

This is now the second Lord's day I have enjoyed here. How good and how blessed it is to find again a few of the Lord's friends! How delightful the privilege of uniting with them in praises, weak and feeble though they are! How kind the Saviour, to be as ready to bless even two or three, as a multitude! so that none need despair of obtaining a hearing.

I find the religion of this people buried in

forms, grimaces, and superstitions. No expense is spared in serving God, so far as their time and money are concerned. A cloak of humility is worn to cover their polluted garments of pride and selfishness. Under this cloak the devil is served in good earnest. Chains are fabricated for the poor, deceptions for the ignorant, and grievous yokes to place upon the necks of worshipers at the temples and altars. The small number of God's people who sojourn here are verily like sheep among ravenous wolves. The man of sin has troubled them, and by force imprisoned the faithful missionary who leads the little band; yet he is now set free, and they will rejoice, and listen again to the preached word of God. I have every reason to bless God that I am permitted to cast in my lot with theirs, and that I find myself more willing to suffer in their afflictions than to dwell in the splendid courts of the wicked. May the Lord make me useful in this new field on which I have entered; and at all seasons, in all places, and in all performances, may I exert the influence of one of his disciples.

Letter to his brother and sister in New York: —

BUENOS AYRES, Nov. 8.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I know not whether this will find you in New York, or,

indeed, in any part of the land of the living; but if, in the good providence of God, you are alive, this will be handed to you by my kind friend, Captain T. In a confinement of a fortnight to my bed, I experienced from him much kindness and attention; and if you can have any idea of the value of a friend to a sick stranger in a strange land, you can judge how much I appreciate Captain T. He is a fellow-traveler with us toward Zion, and, as such, has been a great comfort to me in a dreary prospect. I am still weak and feeble; but the fine beef of Buenos Ayres is fast assisting to restore me to my usual state. I have been hoping and praying that you and yours, and all our friends, may escape the pestilence; but the great distance between us veils many months of the past from my view. I beg you will write and persuade other friends to do so.

To his twin brother he writes thus:—

Nov. 9.

I am getting quite familiar with the Spanish language. I hope soon to speak it well. Nothing makes me realize so much that I am away from home, as being compelled to jabber in an unknown tongue. I here write my first name thus—J'orge; and am called by the natives (as it is customary for Spaniards always to call each

other by their Christian names) Don J'orge, which is pronounced *Don Ho'rr-hee*; *j* and *g* before *e*, *i*, and *y*, having the Moorish or Arabic sound of a strongly aspirated *h*, as deep in the throat as you can get it. This sounds so little like the name of your twin brother, that I was called several times before I was aware that I was addressed. Now it is quite familiar.

I expect to take a trip of about ninety miles into the country in a few days. I arm myself, as do all who accompany me, with a long knife, ground sharp on both edges, pistols, &c. One American goes with me; the rest are natives, who take peones, or servants, enough to enable us to make a good stand against robbers should we be attacked. We go on horseback, and shall be absent about ten or fifteen days. Horses in this province are beautiful, and very cheap. A fine one can be bought in the country for ten or twelve Spanish dollars when broken to ride; wild ones, for two or three dollars. A good horse will carry a man here eighty or ninety miles in ten or twelve hours, with the greatest ease. They have not the grace in their gait which our horses have at home; but they are very fleet. I hope you are prosperous and successful in all your wishes, and, as one who speaks from experience, I say I hope you will never be obliged to quit our beloved America for

a support. It would be somewhat remarkable if so large a family as ours, parents, children, and grandchildren, should escape the pestilence. It is a comfort to hope that so many are prepared to meet death, and a great cause for gratitude if we are indeed among the redeemed of the Lord.

In the conclusion he says, "I have a most extensive business, and, I assure you, much to do."

It may not be amiss to state, that Mr. B. had the same business connections, and the same objects in view, which he had in visiting St. Domingo in the early part of this year. The object of the contemplated journey into the interior was to make purchases of wool, which was, and still is, a great article of export from Buenos Ayres. We have no account in his journal or correspondence of the events of this journey; but his visit to Monte Video, soon after this, was undoubtedly in pursuance of the same objects. The Christian reader, who knows what it is to strive against temptations in prosperity, will not be surprised to find the following entry in his journal: —

Buenos Ayres, Nov. 25, 1832.

I find myself beset with snares on every side. I feel that it requires strength from above to escape them. An unheeding step drops me into

a pit, an unguarded word involves me in many difficulties, and even my smallest actions seem to be scrutinized from the house tops; while temptations, numerous as an army, are constantly presenting themselves before me, the tempter, no doubt, thinking to be able to take me by surprise. With the minions of the adversary comes Mammon, and says, "You have extensive means, you may be rich, you may soon dwell at ease, and enjoy every blessing this world will afford, only do as I would have you; fall down and worship me, and all is yours." Then comes that demon, Pride, as if to draw up a contract and get me to sign it, and thus seal, as it were, my fate. Thus does this army send up its ministers to teach from day to day, sometimes coming under the walls of my citadel, sometimes, to my sorrow, gaining admission into the gates. O Lord, strengthen me. When exalted most by others, then let me be lowest in dust before thee. When most successful in the business of life, oh! then may I be most mindful of its uncertainties and vanities, and place my dependence most on God.

To his brother in Yale College:—

Dec. 12.

DEAR BROTHER EDWARD: I suppose you would ask by this time how I like Buenos Ayres. In

answer to which I can say, that it seems already like a kind of home. I made a voyage last week to the Banda Oriental, a republic on the other side of the river. I was at Monte Video a few days, and can not express my pleasure at getting home, as I term this place.

There is but little pleasure in navigating this mighty river. Its currents, banks, and shoals, its "pamperos," (violent gales,) are all to be dreaded and avoided. It has more the appearance of a *sea* of fresh water than a river. The land on the north bank of the river is undulating, hilly, and a beautiful country. As I passed along the banks and gazed on shore, I could not but be reminded of the passage in Psalms,— "cattle on a thousand hills," — for the land was spotted with them. On this side the land is comparatively level. The "Pampas" (plains) are immense. The whole attention of this people seems turned to raising cattle. Thus far they resemble the Israelites; and I often think of them when I go out to a "Mate-déro," (killing ground,) and fancy I see them preparing a great sacrifice, when I see a thousand slaughtered in a morning.

Mr. B. suggests that a familiarity with such bloody sights might cause men to feel less compunction in shedding human blood, and that

this may account in some degree for the frequent murders and assassinations then taking place, of which he gives some instances.

“The other day, at Monte Video, two soldiers of different parties were calling each other by the names of their respective generals. They became incensed, and one declared to the other, that he would shoot him. The latter, having no musket, and seeing himself in his power, retired a few feet, drew his knife, and waited to receive the charge, desiring that it might be ‘done well.’ At the fatal shot he flew at the other, and with his knife pierced him to the heart. They fell and died together. This took place in a grog shop, at midday. A few days since I was in a distant part of this city, receiving some purchase, when one told me that in the same square a man had just killed his wife and three children, at noonday. Two of them were pursued into the street and there dispatched. The next day, or day after, I saw this same man tied to a post before his own door and his brains blown out by five soldiers. Three Englishmen were buried on Monday last, all murdered within three miles from town. A native, the other day, went into the house of an American, and wished to know why he did not have the murdered man on his door step removed? The American went out to see, and found at noonday a man lying dead,

with his throat cut. It is not amiss, I assure you, to have pistols loaded and primed at night. I keep mine by me, and sometimes take them with me in the evening when I expect to be out late."

Journal. — "Jan. 6. The celebration of the Lord's supper has occurred this day, and I have reason to be grateful that here I have had an opportunity of joining my fellow-Christians in this feast, and thus obeying the dying injunction of the Saviour, 'Do this in remembrance of me.' What a comfort, that we who have embraced his cause are not obliged to go forth single-handed, but may by this union combine our strength to combat an opposing world! How encouraging the declaration, 'No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper'! Many stand surprised to see me espouse a cause so despised and derided in this ungodly city; and nothing saves me from their contempt but the small share of worldly influence which I possess over them, and their hope of keeping in my favor, and thus gaining some advantage in their selfish and worldly interests. I thank God I am not dependent upon them. I pray that I may acquire, by his grace, a steady and determined habit of performing my religious duties; that I may never let the weakness of my nature so far

overcome me as to make me ashamed of the cross, or shrink from its burden."

We close this chapter with the following lines, found in conjunction with the following entry in the journal: "Buenos Ayres, 10th Feb., 1833. I find comfort in getting out of the world, even for a few hours, on the Sabbath.

'Thou sweet retirement — solitude ;
The closed door — the silent room —
The world shut out — the mind composed —
When Sabbath dawns, and early hour,
My soul awakes to utter prayer ;
For then there's none but God to hear
The sighs I breathe, the words I raise ;
For then there's none but God to see
My lifted hands, my weeping eyes.
How sweet these moments, none can tell
Who have not felt the power of love.
I'd spend my life in joys like these,
Nor care for all the world affords.' "

CHAPTER IX.

Letters to his Brothers.—Some Hope of Revival.—Letter to his Sister in K.—Strong Faith.—Extracts from Letters.—Goes up the River Uruguay.—Letter to his Sister.—Letter to youngest Brother.

HE writes to his brother in Yale College:—

BUENOS AYRES, April 14, 1833.

DEAR BROTHER E.: Your three welcome letters are before me. I find in your remarks much comfort and consolation. Sweet recollections of home do indeed often come over me, and my memory frequently and fondly retraces the joys, the sorrows, the hopes, and the fears of bygone days. As a Christian, and especially as a pilgrim, who has here no continuing city, I am often disposed to contemplate the heavenly country I am approaching; and when, by the kind influences of the good Spirit, I enjoy any measure of assurance, I have only one more wish remaining, and that is, that I may be permitted to travel to the celestial city through my native land. I look upon this, however, as of little consequence; since all who are *truly* dear to me

there, I hope to meet above ere long, if I should not be permitted to see them again on earth.

You ask me several questions in regard to my situation and religious privileges. I am not destitute of spiritual food ; on the contrary, have more than this earthly nature hungers for or deserves. There is an American Presbyterian missionary here, and a little church to which he preaches, composed of people from Ireland, England, Scotland, and North America ; there is a Sabbath school, of thirty or forty children, (eight or nine of whom I teach ;) besides an English church, and a Scotch church, both with pastors. The little church of the American minister is poor, and most of its members are, as Pollok says, “ in lowly circumstances.” This, however, does not prevent me from giving them all my influence and encouragement. At present I am the largest subscriber resident here, for the support of our minister, and am one of the committee of the church. Our clergyman is a man of ability, and I hope a faithful leader of his flock. We have many hinderances to our advancement, and many difficulties to be overcome. Strange as it may seem, the most are those raised by our own countrymen. We endeavor to endure patiently all our crosses, and to bear reproach and shame patiently. We know in whom we trust, and humbly desire to

contend faithfully against the flood of worldly opposition. At present our members are but few. We hope ere long they will be increased, and that the fruits of the Sabbath school will be the salvation of many souls.

It may not be amiss here to relate to you a circumstance which has recently occurred connected with missionary labors. It is owing to this circumstance that I am at home this Sabbath evening; otherwise I should have been at church. The day before yesterday our missionary here came to inform me that he had been arrested, with an order from the judge, or provisor, to take him to prison. He had got a reprieve until the next morning (yesterday) to get ready. His case admitted of no bail. It was for an alleged offense committed two or three years ago, and there was no getting off.* Yesterday morning I went with him to prison, and saw the poor man put into a cell with two others, where criminals are put before death. There was no light but what the door admitted through a grate; and the dirt and filth were abominable. I came out through two or three guards, and as many strong doors, most reluctantly leaving him. Through the influence

* The impression is that this offense was the performing of a marriage ceremony, which was forbidden by law, except to Catholic priests.

of some friends, we got permission to move him to the “cuna,” or common jail. I went to see him again last night, and found him in a room with about eight or ten other prisoners, men, women, and children, some drinking, others playing cards and gambling—all making considerable noise. I sent him down a bed to sleep on, and made some arrangements for his meals, and left him. To-day I have been to see him again. He was in the same dirty room, and his fellow-prisoners still gambling. I know not how long we shall be deprived of his services. Perhaps a month, perhaps three months; and it is possible he may be banished from the country. It is enough to know that he suffers unjustly; and we commit the result of these oppressive measures, on the part of the government, to God. This is the second time he has been imprisoned; the time before was for three months. Our little church is almost inconsolable.

You inquire something in regard to the morals of this country. I can say nothing favorable: almost all is darkness, thick darkness! There is much immorality. The Sabbath is kept by some good Catholics, and by the few foreigners who love the Lord Jesus; but there are many natives and foreigners who abuse it shamefully. Drinking and gambling abound. Fights and quarrels are common.

To his father : —

BUENOS AYRES, April 21.

MY DEAR FATHER: Your short, but good letter, of September 3, was received only a few days since. I can not tell what has kept it so long on the way; but am glad it has come at last. I shall endeavor to profit by your kind admonition, “to be humble, devout, and cheerful, and do with consideration what my hand findeth to do.” Here, (as one of my correspondents writes,) our north winds blow from the south, and our south winds from the north; that is, cold weather comes from the south, and the warm and mild, from the north. Our climate here is delightful. In winter the thermometer varies from 55° to 30° , and in summer from 50° to 95° , and very seldom have we much frost. Do write me often. Every word from home is precious, and serves to sweeten the bitter which the distance leaves in my cup, and to make, in some measure, endurable the difficult and lonely path of my pilgrimage.

My business occupies almost my whole time and attention, and frequently the midnight bell of the convent is tolling before I have finished my day's labor. I send you by the ship which brings this, a tiger skin, which you can have dressed, and use as a mat. It will give you an

idea of the South American tiger. Accept the love and best wishes of your affectionate son.

GEO. W. BLAKE.

In his journal of April 27, he says, —

“I have renewed my covenant, and entered into more solemn vows to my gracious God to be faithful and devoted to his cause. I have enjoyed some precious seasons, in the prison and in our social meetings, the past week.”

These precious seasons in the prison were undoubtedly spent in united prayer with the man of God, there incarcerated; and the mention of the social meetings show that, as in the case of Peter, prayer was made without ceasing by the church in their affliction.

Letter to his twin brother: —

May 22.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN: I find myself often, when a leisure moment leaves me to myself, looking back on the past. The objects that appeared large in my childhood now seem puny things, and every succeeding day leaves them with fainter outlines upon my memory. My friends alone stand out in bold relief, and it affords a kind of melancholy pleasure to my mind to recall their features and their forms. *You* are often a subject for me, dear John, and

I have your visage before me on no small number of occasions. We set out together to travel through this world. Our paths have parted, but not our affections.

You may think, as I perceive that many of my correspondents do, that I am a kind of isolated being in Buenos Ayres, going through my daily routine of business with but few of the social and religious duties resting upon me which I should find in the United States; but such is not the case. Aside from my business, which demands much of my time, I have many duties, and many cares, as a Christian, and as a social being. We have here our church, and, unlike the flourishing churches of the States, it requires the vigorous action of every member to sustain it amid a thousand dangers. We have a Sabbath school, with abundant labors. We have here the careless to warn, the hardened to reprove, the straying to recover, the mourner to comfort, and the afflicted to counsel. The hand of misery is often extended for relief, and the groans of poverty and distress are often sounding in our ears. Where there is one cry for charity with you, there are a hundred here. Where your exertions are once demanded at home for the cause of souls, here there is an unceasing necessity. Where tears start with you, here the *heart* bleeds, and tales of woe are

not wanting to make life sickening, and to convince one, without a doubt, that man is made to mourn.

Our little church is a city set on a hill ; and while it is, in some measure, a rendezvous for all who love the Lord, it is also a target for the devil and his emissaries ; and the latter collect together in great numbers in this place, all the nations of Europe and America furnishing their quotas ; and these foreign legions are generally the best servants of Satan, they, having learned their trade in the light, and knowing better how to carry it on in darkness. We have had our minister taken from us and confined in prison, now six weeks. My duties are increased by this misfortune, inasmuch as I am called to read a sermon every Sabbath to the congregation, and have, what we used to call, a deacon's meeting. The meetings are quite full ; some who never came before — captains and supercargoes — now coming, as they say, to hear Mr. Blake preach. We have our evening meetings as at home ; but instead of being many we are few. I connect myself with all societies here for doing good, and do all I can to sustain and support them.

Since I have been in Buenos Ayres the Americans here have raised, by subscription, about nine thousand dollars, and bought a burying

ground for our countrymen. For this I have been obliged to contribute, and, as a subscriber, am entitled to a grave, should I want one. I happen to be the secretary, and keep the records for the trustees. This will, no doubt, be useful to me in reminding me at every interment of my own exit. It is a gratification to us, whose lot is cast in Buenos Ayres, to know that our bones will not go begging for graves should we die here. Our cemetery is a very pretty spot; and it may be to you a consolation, in case of my death, to know thus much about the place.

May 24. — To-day, the people are making great arrangements for celebrating the anniversary of their independence, 25th of May here being the same as 4th of July at home. But liberty here is as bad as slavery with you. The occasion reminds me, however, of the free institutions of our own country, and the happiness they confer on every good citizen, and makes me doubly prize them.

Journal.

Buenos Ayres, July 14, 1833.

I feel that the Lord has been with us the past week. A few are evidently alive in this wilderness. One or two hardened, impenitent sinners have been awakened and apparently regenerated,

and some drops, in various places, indicate a shower. I feel that I have much evil to eradicate, and should gain much warmth and zeal before I am fit to labor among the tender plants which are springing up from the refreshing effects of this gracious rain.

Letter to his sister in K., N. H. :—

Aug. 13.

DEAR SISTER E. : You inquire about society and the Sabbath schools here. Of the first, we have both native and foreign. I have mingled but little in either, enough only to become acquainted with its character. They who attend parties, or “tertulias,” as we call them here, are only to be amused by card-playing and dancing ; conversation on any thing but light subjects is thought to be rather boorish, and is seldom attempted.

[Mr. B. then speaks of the church and Sabbath school, and adds,] I find here a wide field for religious enterprise, and have no time to stand still. My situation in business relations gives me some influence, and I endeavor to use it aright. Another young American and myself, who are determined to support the gospel here, pay, for this present year, half of our minister’s salary. We were distressed at his having been

imprisoned two months by the government during the past season.

I am placed above the reproach of the vulgar more than if I was in the United States; and the stand which I took in religious matters on my first arrival here, and which I have persuaded two or three others to take, has been, I think, very beneficial to ourselves and to the cause of religion. Many who were disposed to scoff and rail, seek now our acquaintance for business purposes, and to please us, remain in peace and quiet. We have lately had a little reviving, and two or three have been hopefully converted, which is very encouraging in such a community.

What encouragement to him who walks in a snary path! If he overcome, he shall not only be blessed in this world, but a crown of life shall be given him in the next. Be blessed with what? Riches of this world? No; but with the light of God's countenance, and his loving kindness, which are infinitely better. And the crown! Shall it be like the crown of the kings of the earth? Unstable, uncertain, and often bringing death on him who wears it? No; it shall be a crown of *life—eternal life and glory!* It will not be as the insignia of kings and priests unto men, but of kings and priests

unto God! Who would not run for such a prize? Who would not struggle to attain it? Thou, my soul, hast entered the lists; thou hast become a candidate for such an honor! Throw aside the weighty encumbrances which bow thee to the earth. Be not so much conformed to the world. Seek not so much the friendship of worldly men. Look not so much on earthly things, and thou shalt have grace to look above, and patience given thee to endure to the end.

From numerous letters, filled with business items, written to his brother in Boston, we have extracted a few paragraphs. In speaking of the imprisonment of the missionary, he says, "These oppressions of the pope's satellites are very burdensome on those who are interested in the preaching of the gospel here." As there were so few who were disposed to do any thing "to help keep the little fire burning," he mentions what he had felt obliged to give, and adds, "I hope that a kind Providence will enable me to afford this. The preaching of the gospel, and its accompanying privileges, are a great comfort to me here." Under same date, he says, "What time I can command from business and other duties, I devote to studying the Spanish language, which is no very pleasant labor when one's head is full of dollars and cents. I make

some progress, however. My time for this is between ten and two o'clock in the night; but I am determined to persevere. If I am remiss in writing, you must attribute it to this. I do not, however, intend to be so." Again, under a date in *June*, he writes, "I almost envy you the fine New England summer you are now enjoying, while here we are taking our *winter*, with cold, rainy days, and muddy streets. Well, it is late; the bells are ringing to call up the nuns in yonder convent, to say their midnight prayers. This reminds me that it is time to say my own, and retire to rest."

Toward the close of a letter, dated July 15th, he says, "I have now been about a year from Boston. Years fly apace, and I feel that if spared to threescore and ten, they would soon be gone. An inch or two of time, a butterfly's summer, and *we* are gone for ever.

I shall leave the city in a few days, to take a journey up the rivers Uruguay and Parana, some four to six hundred miles, and may be gone four or five weeks. I have been very busy in getting the necessary outfit. I am obliged to dress up *à la mode du pays*, to go safely; shall wear constantly in my belt a long, sharp-pointed knife and four loaded pistols, and, if attacked, shall sell my life as dearly as possible. I do not anticipate much danger, although such journeys are always attended with more or less of it.

In his journal he writes :—

MERCEDES, (on the Rio Negro,*) Oct. 4.

I left Buenos Ayres on Thursday, 26th ult., and arrived at this place on the 30th. I sit down among strangers and foreigners to record the goodness of God in preserving me hitherto, and sustaining me in the midst of dangers. I have formed some acquaintances, and seen many things strange and new. So far I have seen little good. Oh, how few are the disciples of the blessed Jesus! When will this extensive and beautiful country bear the fruits of the gospel, and be beautified with the rising churches of our Redeemer! Oh, how earnestly should I pray, Thy kingdom come! I often hear the exclamation, “Oh, if we had peace but a few years, how would our country prosper!” and I can not but exclaim, Oh, if ye had that peace of God which passeth all understanding, then might you talk of prosperity, not for this life only, but for life everlasting!

ST. DOMINGO DE SORIANO,

(Rio Negro,) SUNDAY, Oct. 6.

Seated on the banks of this beautiful river, and beholding all that is lovely in nature, I look in vain for some fellow-pilgrim with whom I may take sweet counsel upon heavenly things.

* A branch of the Uruguay.

I find pleasure in writing down with my pencil what I can not express with my tongue. The continued goodness of God is signally manifest in upholding and directing my steps. While all about me are engaged in the various amusements of a Catholic festival, little thinking of the great Being whose day they are misspending, and to whom they must at last render a solemn account, I am enabled to enjoy the presence of my dear Saviour, to entertain this precious Friend, unknown to them; and he condescends to come and sup with me. While they seem left to hasten their own destruction with their mirth and wine,

“Send comforts, Lord, from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this desert land;
And even here, oh, let me know,
The joys that from thy presence flow!”

SORIANO, (on Rio Negro,) Oct. 11.

These people talk of pleasure in spending whole nights in dancing and dissipation, and wonder that I can not enjoy it. They heartily despise me because I do not mingle with them in their rioting. It grieves me to think of the destination of these mortals when they have filled up the measure of their days in trifling and wantonness. O God, I thank thee that I do not enjoy their enjoyments, nor find pleasure in their pleasures.

MERCEDES, SATURDAY EVENING, Oct. 12.

Arrived from Soriano. I find myself situated in a family of the country, who little understand my feelings. They are full of conversation, but how little of a spiritual nature is there among the votaries of the Catholic church. These are her children. I have witnessed one of her feasts the past week, and have become acquainted with several of the padres, or fathers. All is external show among them. The devil is served and God is forgotten.

“Here Ceremony sends her bigots forth,
Prepared to fight for shadows of no worth ;
While Truth, on which eternal things depend,
Finds not, or hardly finds, a single friend.”

PUERTO ST. ROSARIA, (on the East Bank
of the Rio Uruguay,) SUNDAY, Oct. 22.

Surrounded by a drinking, disorderly company, I am grateful that I find One near, whose kind influences I have often felt, and who, though unseen, sticketh closer than a brother. How regardless of the future do these people seem ! How little can they appreciate my feelings. I am thankful that God knows even what can not be expressed, and that while there is no sweet converse without, I can hold sweet inward communion with him.

PAYSANDER, 27th Oct.

I have been preserved and brought to this place by the kind providence of God. Health, the best of Heaven's blessings, (after the gift of eternal life,) has been granted. I have found in this wilderness one of the Lord's flock, whom I have seen, and with whom I have worshiped before. I have been permitted to join daily with him in supplication in behalf of ourselves, and this poor, perishing people. This Sabbath we spend together, and it is delightful. We are reminded of the numerous assemblies in Christendom, who are this day sending their supplications to heaven. And while we recall the places where we have mingled our voices, and made our solemn vows to God with them, and while we reflect that, though we are now separated, their prayers still ascend for us, and ere long we shall meet to part no more, we forget, in our joy, that we are alone, and we almost fancy ourselves among them.

BUENOS AYRES, 15th Nov.

MY DEAR FATHER: Before me lies your much esteemed favor of 17th May. It does me much good to see, now and then, something from you. Your letters not only bring before me your own image, but remind me of all about you. I often trace back the long road I have

wandered to get at such a distance from home, but such is my haste to arrive at the old mansion that I pass by every thing that intervenes, without bestowing even a thought, and ere I am aware, I am knocking at the door and shaking hands with all. You speak of the goodly quantity of fruit which the season promises, but ere I hear of it, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended!"

I returned a few days since, after an absence of six weeks, from a voyage up the large and beautiful River Uruguay, in which I had a fine opportunity of seeing a considerable portion of the interior of this country. Here, in Buenos Ayres, we have had a revolution, and for two or three weeks there was much fighting and disturbance. It gives me pleasure, however, to state, that we are now becoming settled again under a new governor. The chiefs of the conquered party are making their escape to other provinces. Only one or two foreigners became victims to the anarchy which prevailed; but several of the natives were killed in their skirmishes.

CHAPTER X.

Journal at Monte Video.—Dearth of Religious Privileges.—Returns to the United States.—Tour to the Western States.—Letters.—Uncertainty in Regard to his future Course.—Leaves Boston for Buenos Ayres.

MONTE VIDEO, 29th Dec.

THIS is the third Sabbath I have been in this place. Desolate indeed, in respect to religion, I have found it. I sit alone in my room, though I trust I am not deprived of the presence of my Saviour. My Spanish Bible near me, requires but a look to speak and preach; and certainly I could not hear a better sermon, since, “*Toda escritura divinamente inspirada es util para enseñar, para reprehender, para corregir, e para instruir en la justicia, para que el hombre de Dios sea perfecto, y esté prevenido para toda obra buena.*” 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

My hymn book, though in another tongue, says,

“God is in heaven, but men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.”

Prayer requires no sanctuary to be offered in but that of the heart from which it proceeds;

if, therefore, all is right within, why should I mourn that I am not among God's people, and that I can not visit his house and enjoy in public the ordinances of religion? It would be more agreeable, but even here I may find enough to make the heart glad and the tongue to sing for joy. I find much comfort in reading some few religious papers which the waves have borne to me from a distant land. They tell me of the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in different parts of the world; and I take encouragement in hoping that the time is not far distant when we shall see the Sun of Righteousness rising over *this* dark land with healing in his beams.

MONTE VIDEO, Feb. 2.

During the last month I have had the opportunity of spending my Sabbaths on shipboard in the harbor, where I have been permitted to join in religious services, conducted by a pious master with his crew. These have been pleasant, and, I trust, profitable seasons to me, and to all concerned. It was gratifying to me to meet an assembly of these sons of the ocean. My feelings are much interested for them.

BUENOS AYRES, SUNDAY, Feb. 23.

I arrived two weeks since from Monte Video. This is the last Sabbath I expect to spend in

Buenos Ayres. My passage to a better country is engaged, and I have the land of my fathers in view. I have been permitted to address the Sabbath school this afternoon, and in my farewell, once more to remind them of those things which concern their everlasting peace.

AT SEA, LON. 30 W., LAT. 28 S., 23d March.

Sailed from Buenos Ayres on the first instant, and this is now the fourth Sabbath I have spent on "the great deep." We have made but little progress on our voyage, and our captain has had his patience severely tried by contrary winds. I have endeavored to be contented, knowing that all is for the best. I have felt almost unfitted for enjoyment in any form, not only because of the transition from land to sea, but because of the constant reiteration of profane oaths, by cabin boy, master, and sailors. I had hoped for a better state of things before I came on board, and am sadly disappointed. I am sometimes overwhelmed with the thought of the goodness of God in preserving such beings as we are. I am enough in myself to sink the ship, and am sure that all the rest are guilty of casting off fear and restraining prayer, practically saying, "What is the Almighty, that we should serve him, and what profit should we have, if we pray unto him?" It is my daily prayer that I may

live consistently before these men, for I know that they watch for my downfall. I feel that if there is any way of doing good here, it is by example rather than by precept.

I look back upon the field of my labors the past year and a half with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. I can not forget the little number in that strange land with whom I have shared in spiritual joys and sorrows. The link is not severed by the distance, and as a part of the same body, I suffer in their sufferings and rejoice in their rejoicings. It is my most earnest desire that I may be made the means of good to them and to the multitudes perishing around, even though separated from them. I hope and pray that God may enable me to interest some of his children in their behalf, in the more favored land of my birth.

Mr. Blake arrived in Boston on the 11th of May, after a passage of seventy-one days; and after spending a short time among his friends, he indulged in a wish long felt, to visit the western parts of our country, not without some idea of purchasing land at a future time, and perhaps fixing on a permanent residence there. On this journey he visited several of our western cities, and enjoyed his trip very much; but hastened his return, that he might fulfil an engagement

to take a short voyage on the coast of Maine with his father, with the hope of benefiting the health of the latter, and interesting his mind ; to which trip he alludes in the following letter to his brother in college : —

Boston, Sept. 1, 1834.

DEAR BROTHER E.: You inquire respecting my excursion with our father to Maine. The jaunt was not very pleasant, owing to his weakness and the many inconveniences which will ever arise to the traveling invalid. We visited the cities of Portland and Bangor, the towns of Belfast and Bucksport, with some few others of less note. Father was somewhat seasick, and returned considerably exhausted, not having gained the advantage to his health which I had fondly hoped.

[In the same letter he says, “I will endeavor to answer, in some degree, your question proposed in your last—‘Would a republican form of government be better than a monarchical for the South American States?’”]

The South American States have as yet no foundation laid for republican institutions ; and although the name may exist, yet it is as impossible that they should be republics in their present condition, as that a building should stand without support. It is a question with me,

whether they should bear the *name* until a future generation, more enlightened than the present, shall arise to improve the advantages which a solid reconstruction would confer; or whether it is best for them at once to create a monarch, or monarchs, to restore good order. However, I incline more decidedly to the first; for although the last might be better for the present generation, yet it would entail greater evils on the next, and so on for the future; and the ignorance of the people would be the constant apology for arbitrary power in all coming time. Whereas, the name of *republic* will stimulate their youth to desire the institutions of the United States, ours being generally considered by them the leading republic; and there is a possibility—not to say a strong probability—that in one or two generations they may succeed in shaking off their wild notions of government, and with more light, make a good and happy people. A great obstacle, however, to the advancement of knowledge among them is their revolutionary spirit, causing dissensions and civil war; calling the young men from their schools and colleges, and encouraging too much a taste for military pursuits. It is to be hoped, however, that the poverty to which they must sooner or later reduce themselves by this course, will be a salutary check.

In the fall of 1834, Mr. Blake resumed and completed his tour of the Western and Southern States, and returned to Boston by ship from Charleston, S. C., arriving on the 29th of November. He then engaged to remain with his uncle for the next six months. Soon after, we find him writing to his brother, in Yale College, as follows :—

BOSTON, Feb. 16, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER E. : I have had my thoughts occupied of late with reflections on God's mysterious providences, and that in particular which removed our beloved Dr. Wisner from among us. leaving the place he has so faithfully filled here to know him no more for ever. I shall ever esteem it an honor to have enjoyed an acquaintance with him here on earth, and I look forward with joy to a renewal of it in eternity. How does the sudden demise of so useful an individual remind us that the ways of our heavenly Father are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts.

I arrived at W — the next day after leaving you, and spent the Sabbath there. I attended church with our aged father. The new church is a very handsome edifice ; but I found it extremely difficult to recognize some of the congregation in their new places. Formerly, in the old church, I was enabled to know each by his

accustomed place. Nor did the wrinkles, the baldness, or the gray hairs, (sad emblems of passing time,) present any great obstacle to a speedy recognition; but now, alas! the natural order of things seems to be entirely changed, at least so far as going to meeting is concerned. You know that in youth we get certain impressions of scenes and localities which no circumstances can make us forget, and no time obliterate. Fixed in my mind most indelibly are the old meeting-house, the assembled congregation, the green galleries, the square pews, the railing on stilts, forming pretty holes for children to peep through. The banging of seats, publishments, gatherings in the porches, deacons' seats, and old men's seats; these are all present to my mind, but the reality is gone for ever! The village, too, is strangely metamorphosed. The people, also, are city-like, with none of that rustic curiosity of former years. Whether they have become weary with staring, since the railroad reached them, or whether they have other and graver business on hand, I know not — but they are much changed.

To the same: —

Boston, April 20.

DEAR BROTHER E.: It gives me much pleasure to hear that there is a revival in the college.

I doubt not you are active, and receive an abundant share of those high and delightful emotions which so much abound in those precious seasons. If you can get any time, I would fain have you communicate some of your glad tidings. In this city there seems at the present time to be the greatest indifference in regard to religion, and no signs of a change.

I have been reading the lives of some eminent missionaries, such as Martyn, Gordon Hall, Schwartz, &c., with some works on missions. I have been much interested, and the more I have investigated the matter the more I am convinced of its vast importance. I have almost been constrained to become a missionary myself, although too much of my life has passed to think of it now. I do firmly believe, that if the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ was understood and practiced as it was in apostolic times, and as it ought to be understood and practiced now, we should see a different state of things among professing Christians. Every young man would become a preacher, teacher, or missionary. The fact is, that too much is thought of this world. Where is the Christian that is really ready to forsake all and follow Christ? Let us bless God that there are a few such, and mourn that there are no more. I hope you will by all means become a preacher. It is in reality the only

profession worth living for. I wish you God-speed. And if God hears my poor prayers and answers them you will be blessed.

I hope you made up your mind to attend those lessons in vocal music which were about to commence when I was at New Haven. It will be a great advantage to you. You will find it strengthen your lungs, improve your voice, and, above all, will enable you to impart and receive much comfort in singing the praises of Jehovah. It is a pity that so few of our young men should acquire the art of singing. The most solemn addresses to the Deity are sung in our churches often by thoughtless young people without piety. How strange that the church, while so particular in selecting *some* of those who are to lead her devotions, should be so utterly heedless in respect to others! Would they be content to have a minister merely because he had a fine voice, whatever his conduct or disposition might be? In my opinion, every one who can, should learn to sing.

My six months with uncle J. W. have nearly expired. Do not think if I should go again ere long to South America, or to the West, that it is to satisfy a roving disposition. Nothing would be more agreeable to me than a still, quiet life. And my movements hitherto have only been to

enable me to secure such a desideratum. My taste for a quiet life may induce me to become a farmer, should I find a favorable opening, and also a field to do good in a moral point of view. I need not tell you that my views are not extravagant; a moderate support, a library, a little time for the cultivation of the mind, and an opportunity to relieve the wants and distresses of my fellow-men, these, with health and the smiles of Providence, are all I aspire to in this life; and in such circumstances, whether in Asia, Europe, or America, I would cheerfully wait for that transition, which I trust would carry me to a better world.

To the same : —

Boston, May 16.

DEAR BROTHER: Your letter of the 20th ult., containing an account of the revival in college, was deeply interesting to me. Good tidings are always precious; and when they relate to those whose influence, for or against religion, must be great for life, announcing them born again, and throwing that influence on the Lord's side, it is verily good tidings of great joy.

I fully agree with you in your remarks respecting faith. It has often been with me a subject of reflection that such momentous truths as Christians profess to believe have so little

visible effect upon their lives. It will not seem strange that infidelity abounds when we remember the inconsistencies and imperfections of those who denominate themselves the disciples of our Lord. I know many professing Christians whose atmosphere (if I may so call it) is like that of an iceberg at sea. We can not approach them without being chilled. Such are generally surrounded, like the ice island, with a fog; and, though unseen and perhaps unheard, their chilling influence will not be unfelt. But it may be better that I look more at my own faults and less at those of others.

Last Sunday Mr. Winslow, formerly missionary to Ceylon, delivered an address to several missionaries about to leave for Persia and Hindostan; and to-day, those for the latter place sailed. I had the pleasure of being present. They were cheerful, though it seemed to require an effort to be so. Many that stood by us mocked as the exercises customary on such occasions were in progress. Some made a noise. One remarked that they were beside themselves. But my heart went with the voyagers. My prayer for them was unceasing. I am far from feeling that degree of sympathy arising from the consideration that they are leaving home, friends, and country, which excites so many. Why should there be more of this in the case of the

missionary than in the case of the man of business? Perhaps it is said of the man who goes for gold, that his hopes and expectations of gain are sufficient to support him and his friends under a separation. But he who goes to seek the salvation of *souls* receives as much pity and commiseration as if he was going only to be disappointed; as if there were no returns, and no reward. It may be said that the traveler is cheered with the hope of return to his friends. But has not the missionary the same hope, although not in this life, yet is it not doubly precious from the consideration that it will be with the redeemed of the Lord? Am I right in believing that more persons would become missionaries if less mention was made of the great sacrifice it required? Does not this deter many? For my part, joy more than sorrow predominates when parting with those who go to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ. If a tear falls, it is a joyful one.

To his sister in Keene : —

Boston, May 19.

DEAR SISTER E.: I have reflected on your remarks prompted by the idea I suggested of becoming a missionary. I had given up the idea when I received your letter, but seriously reconsidered the matter, and although the conclusion

I have come to will not allow me to take advantage of the plan Mr. B. has so kindly proposed, I feel truly grateful for it. Of the importance of missionary enterprises, and the duty of young men to come forward to this work, I am fully convinced, and more so latterly than I have ever been before. I can not now, for want of time, state fully the reasons which have brought me to the determination to remain a layman, and do all the good I can for the cause of my blessed Master in that capacity.

During some months of this season Mr. B. had various plans under consideration in regard to his course after he should have finished his temporary engagement in the counting-room of his uncle. Probably there are few young men who have not at some seasons clouds of uncertainty hanging over them. How much they need at such a time, as ballast to the soul, a firm assurance that they have a friend in that Being who is the fountain of wisdom. That our young friend had this confidence his letters at this time leave no room to doubt; they show that amid all his perplexity it was his first and ruling desire to honor his Redeemer and promote his cause. It would have been delightful to him, on many accounts, to remain in Boston. There, and in the vicinity, were his friends and kindred. To

these he was bound by strong ties. There also he was enjoying high religious privileges, and like the disciples on the mount, he felt it good to be there. But it is not all of life to be receiving and enjoying our good things while many are perishing without them. He felt that he had duties to his fellow-men which might now demand a sacrifice on his part, and he believed that while pursuing his business he might render more service to the cause of his Redeemer in some other place where his efforts were more needed.

About this time his youngest brother, who contemplated teaching in one of the Middle States, proposed to Mr. B. to join him in opening a school. In answer to this proposal he writes as follows: —

Boston, Sept. 10, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER E.: Yours of last Tuesday has just come to hand, in answer to which I am compelled reluctantly to say that I can not join you. I do it reluctantly, because I fear it may be a present disappointment to you; but when I think of the future, or the result, I do it most willingly, for, in the capacity your generosity would place me, I should prove, what seamen term, but “a spare pump,” utterly useless. I have the highest opinion of the profession of a

teacher, its usefulness, its respectability, its patriotism, its benevolence, and if a few years less had gone over my head, the situation you offer me, I might, at least, make an attempt to fill.

A few months since I had serious thoughts of studying for the ministry, but after much reflection I gave it up from a sense of duty. I have learned, at great expense and sacrifice, the business of a merchant, and have acquired information and experience which I think qualify me, with the exercise of Christian motives, for usefulness, perhaps more than any other profession, acquired at this late day, could. One who gets an education or learns a trade entirely new to him, commencing after living in the world one third of a century, is never but half learned, and in the present age of wisdom above that which is written, is esteemed to be neither one thing nor the other—a half-breed. I concluded, therefore, to pass my life as a layman, knowing that belonging to that class did not by any means exclude a man from usefulness. And if Providence opens my way in mercantile business, I shall endeavor to strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of the faithful, by word or deed, as I have opportunity. I confess that at present I see no good way of taking advantage of the information I have been at so much pains to

obtain; and I am determined, (if the Lord will, *always*,) in case I can not make myself useful as a merchant, to endeavor to do so in the guise of a humble farmer, an occupation I am not entirely ignorant of. The West is my favorite field, and if such a destination is the will of Providence, I should hope some time or other to do good to some of the sons of the prairies, and afterward to lay my bones beneath the clods of the valley of the Mississippi.

I am now negotiating for some business at Mobile, in Alabama, and shall decide to-night or to-morrow whether to fix my residence there for a few years or not. I doubt not the field is as extensive for doing good as any other. Indeed I know it is, and that is the main thing that will reconcile me to staying there.

If this fails, (that is, the project for going South,) I have some idea of accepting an offer to visit Europe and spend the year to come in England, France, and Spain, and perhaps some part of it on the north coast of Africa, say Barbary, in the prosecution of a mercantile business. On the other hand, if I do not do this, Mr. W. is plying me with offers to remain with him in Boston on a salary. One thing is certain, a week will decide which way my steps shall tend, and I pray God to do with me as seemeth to him good.

I am truly glad you have before you so good a prospect, my brother. You will be prospered; be strong, be courageous. I can not doubt your success. Never suffer yourself to think that you shall not be successful. You can say, and may find the benefit of saying, as I have often done in regard to other things, I know how to do it, and if any body can do it, I can. I mean nothing to the prejudice of trusting in Providence, you will understand, of course. Don't expect too much. Disappointment is bad, but to realize more than you expect is good. Do not depend too much on the statements of others, and particularly of those interested. I am accustomed to subtract, in such cases, fifty per cent. My heart is with you wherever you locate yourself, and my prayers will not cease to rise for your prosperity and happiness. Do you remember our family concert of prayer? I have enjoyed much from keeping it in mind the last three or four months. We pray for *you* to-morrow evening.

The same evening, after writing the above, a proposal was made to him to go again to Buenos Ayres, which he accepted. From on board the steamer on his way to New York to take passage for South America, he wrote to the same brother informing him of his destination. He adds, "I may return in a year or two, should I live, and

God is willing. How much I feel like a stranger and a pilgrim at this moment, I leave you to infer. May God bless you."

Journal.

AT SEA, Lat. N. 7°, Lon. W. 28°.

SABBATH, Nov. 1, 1835. How wonderfully am I preserved amid dangers seen and unseen! Though I wander far from my home and country, even to the uttermost parts of the sea, blessed be God! even here shall his hand lead me, and his right hand shall hold me. Surely his eye is upon all them that fear him; upon such as hope in his mercy.

I have no Christian with whom to hold sweet communion, but God condescendingly draws nigh. For five Sabbaths I have been deprived of the ordinances of his house, but the thoughts of them are precious unto me to-day. I can eat of no emblems of my Saviour's body, nor drink of his blood typified, but I can say that my love of him is sweet, and passeth knowledge.

HARBOR OF RIO JANEIRO, Ship Canada.

SABBATH, Nov. 22. I arrived here safely on Friday the nineteenth. Twice we were in considerable danger, and feared serious consequences. Truly He who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand is God and not man, else we

must have been left to perish. Oft have I wondered that we were permitted to ride upon the bosom of an element belonging to and performing the will of the great Jehovah, when from our decks went up so much cursing and bitterness.

The city lies out before me, in appearance beautiful and comely. From two to three hundred thousand souls find shelter there; but, alas, how few, probably, know their right hand from their left, in a spiritual sense! The rugged peaks and rocky summits seem to hang over them, in the distance, and methinks in the judgment many of these people may be heard calling on these stupendous works of nature to fall on them and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb. It was in contemplation, and I believe decided on, when I left New York, that the Seaman's Friend Society would send a chaplain here to preach to American seamen, and my heart, filled with pity for them, rejoices in the prospect. I shall not, can not, leave the port without leaving my prayer for his speedy arrival and great success. In *God's strength* he will prevail over the host of iniquity which he will have to encounter.

In a letter addressed to one of his brothers in New Haven, we find a more particular account of this voyage, giving a vivid description of some of the trials of sea voyagers. It may be of interest to some of our readers.

CHAPTER XI.

Voyage to Rio Janeiro. — Letter to his Brother in Boston. — Sickness, and Depression of Spirits. — Visit to Burial Place. — Death of a Young Countryman. — Awful Death of Eighty-four Patagonians. — Death of a Young Man. — Case of Elderly Countryman.

Letter to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. B., N. H.:—

AT SEA, COAST OF BRAZIL, (Ship Canada, from
Rio Janeiro to Monte Video,) Nov. 25, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I was unable, for want of time, to write you from Rio de Janeiro, as I intended. I now propose to give you some account of my voyage, as my present situation affords me leisure which I can not expect after my arrival in the River la Pláta. I wrote you from New York that I had taken passage in the J—— A——. We lay at anchor off Sandy Hook one night, and went to sea on the morning of the 5th of October. I little thought when making the little vessel for Henry, that I was to embark in a craft of nearly the same rig — almost as fragile — and when placed alongside of the big waves, in appearance as small. But so it was. Our brig was a mere shingle. She danced upon the ripples in the dock, and a “cat’s-paw”

of wind was sufficient in East River to make her tremble. We went out with the wind southerly, and before nightfall it proved a strong gale from S. S. E. Other vessels that came to sea with us hastened back. Our little bark alone kept on. The gale increased, and at 10 o'clock in the evening, we expected nothing better than a shipwreck on Long Island before morning, the sea, the current, and the wind, all setting us rapidly toward the shore. It was too dark to distinguish pale faces from courageous ones, and each had to muster his own fortitude to keep from despondency. There is more thought of than said on such occasions, and as every one knew the danger, there was no need of communicating on the subject. Our only chance of escape was in crowding all sail. This was done. But our masts and spars bent and creaked as if they were doing their last service. I believe I suffered least from anxiety of any one on board. I had lost all my strength by severe sea sickness. I had vomited up all my fears, and as I lay listening to the roaring of the waves and the whistling of the winds, suddenly, about midnight, I heard a heavy scuffling on deck, and presently the cry of "Mutiny! murder! murder!" mixed with horrid oaths and imprecations. The mate came running down into the cabin, too much out of breath to speak, seized a pair of pistols, and

sprang again on deck. I followed at his heels, to see what the matter was. The gale, the lee shore, the leaky ship, and the watery grave were all secondary affairs for a few minutes, as a nearer danger seemed to threaten. I found, on going up, the helm deserted, and the crew all fighting. The darkness making it impossible for them to distinguish each other, each was beating the one nearest him, regardless of friend or foe, each crying for assistance, and all cursing bitterly. I could not divine the cause, nor see that I could effect any thing by engaging in the contest. The sails were all aback, and I began to fear that we might go down stern foremost before the battle was decided. I seized the helm, and finally succeeded in getting the vessel round. The mate had aimed his pistol at the heart of one he supposed was a mutineer. It was, however, the captain, who at the same instant cried out, "For God's sake don't shoot *me*." This recognition and narrow escape brought these two to their senses, and, joining forces, they soon conquered the crew. Seizing one of the strongest, they brought him on the quarter deck, threw him down, and while he cried murder most lustily, they gave him a severe flogging with a rope's end. When I thought they had given him enough I began to beg for him, and they desisted. It appeared on examination, that

the crew had been drinking whiskey, and were unruly and disobedient. Harry, the Dutchman, who had undergone such a flagellation, carried a black eye and many bruises for a time ; but all the crew, for the remainder of the voyage, were orderly and obedient.

We succeeded in getting the brig well to sea, she having suffered a severe straining, and leaking not a little in consequence of the gale. We now proceeded on our voyage with favorable winds, and nothing unpleasant occurred until we had reached the latitude of 10° north. Here every thing seemed to go against us. The favorable gales we had enjoyed entirely left us ; calms, violent squalls, thunder, lightning, and showers succeeded. The main stay parted, the bowsprit shrouds gave way, the sails and rigging chafed as if nothing would remain long to help us perform our voyage. Our seamen, who had not had a shred of dry clothing since leaving port, so much had we been under water, began to get worn out and sick. One, partly owing to privations on a preceding voyage, broke out with large boils and other appearances of scurvy. For several days this poor Lazarus, as the captain called him, could hardly move. The mate began to entertain fearful forebodings that we might be carried to the westward by the currents, or that we should fall to leeward of Cape St. Roque, and

thus greatly prolong our voyage. The captain said he was not superstitious at all, but that *something* was certainly wrong, some Jonah was certainly aboard of his vessel. This he seriously asserted frequently and often before me, and, although we had lived together hitherto in perfect harmony, I began to see that he was certainly suspicious of me. The bad weather continued, the rain came down in torrents, the black squalls rose one after another, in fact, the elements seemed leagued against us. We made no progress; and the evil dispositions of all were roused and irritated by what they called their hard fate.

I came on board the brig, it is true, in Jonah style—that is, in haste; was personally unknown to all, and this caused their suspicions to be fixed on me. I laughed at them, and sometimes they would laugh; but with all this, and their repeated declarations that they were not superstitious, it was plain to see that no seamen were ever more so. They believed me to be religious, and that was sufficient in their eyes to condemn me. It is not unfrequently, I am told, the case, where ships carry missionaries, that all misfortunes happening while they are on board are attributed by the sailors to their account. The mate said that before he left New York he had had bad dreams, and, in fact, that he had never been

so loth to come to sea in his life ; he could not account for it ! Poor fellow, he had forgotten that he had previously told me that he was married the week before he left. The captain also had direful dreams of shipwreck and famine. Each cursed the sea and the day he embarked upon it. You can not imagine a more unhappy condition than we were in. I did not suffer myself to repine, but waited patiently, feeling that relief would come. At last it was observed that when Jack, an English boy, came to take the helm in his turn, the wind was sure to haul two or three points ahead. The captain thereupon fixed upon him as the Jonah, and scolded him, and threatened to sacrifice him to the sharks !

Eight or ten days at last put an end to their superstitions. We arrived off Rio on Thursday, 19th. During the evening it was calm, and we drifted in among the rocky islands which lie off the mouth of the harbor. Considering our situation rather critical, I sat up to see what might happen. About midnight we found ourselves close to a rocky precipice three or four hundred feet high, and approaching quite fast. The sea was roaring against it like thunder, and our destruction seemed inevitable. I can not describe my feelings at the moment. The rocks seemed to have a magnetic power

over us. The vessel would not obey the helm. She would keep her head toward the danger, as if determined to rush on it. All hands were called, the boat was launched, we got out oars, we rowed and pulled to tow her off. I exerted myself until the perspiration ran off in streams, and I could hardly breathe. For four hours we continued to pull and haul without moving the vessel. The only consolation we had was, that we kept her from approaching the breakers. This was all our utmost efforts could do.

I never looked for the day to dawn with so much anxiety. Our horror was increased, however, when it did come, for as the east lighted up, the perils of our situation became more visible. We were nearer than we had supposed. We redoubled our efforts, cheered the men, and still we moved not; but, to our great joy, when the sun arose, a little breeze sprang up to our relief, and with the help of this, with our oars and the blessing of God, we succeeded in getting out of the jaws of death. We entered Rio Janeiro the same day, after forty-six days' passage from Sandy Hook. In weighing anchor to go up into the inner harbor, we got foul of a Guineaman — a little schooner — which had landed her slaves on the coast, and came in in ballast. This made a deal of confusion. We lost an anchor and cable before we could get

extricated. The captain and mate differed in regard to what should be done, and actually fell to fighting, so that much time was lost. I begged them to desist, and settle their quarrel another time. The little vessel was much decayed, and we were scraping her sides like a soft nutmeg, and I feared we might ride her down. We finally got clear by slipping our cable, and succeeded in coming to our anchorage and getting on shore before night.

Thus ended our voyage. But you can not imagine how comfortable a hotel looks after such a voyage at sea of six or seven weeks, without retirement, without attendants, without the comforts and conveniences of civilized life. My room seemed a sanctuary, the servants, who looked for and anticipated my wants, seemed ministering spirits, although in Brazil, as every one knows, they are as black as demons. The large, tidy, and well-furnished parlor looked paradisaical, and the sofas and couches seemed resting places for angels. My bed, so nice and clean, presented such a contrast to the one I had on board !

I found a few very hospitable friends in Rio Janeiro the next day. I had but one letter ; but got an introduction to most of the American merchants, and they all offered their services, and showed me particular regard. The

ship, on board of which I am, and from which I write you, being about to sail for Monte Video, my friends kindly assisted me, that I might avail myself of this fine opportunity to proceed on my journey. One sent his custom house clerk to go through the necessary forms and ceremonies at the "Alfandega," in order to tranship my baggage; another interested himself to get me out a passport in one day, without which I could not leave the country, and which, according to all the forms of law, it would take about three days to obtain. This he succeeded in doing by some managing in about twelve hours. His influence exceeded that of most Americans at Rio.

Let me give you a true translation of this most important document, which cost me eighteen milreas, or about fourteen Spanish dollars, and which is of no further service than just to pass me out of the harbor, as it will never again be called for. It is a great imposition, and for terms exceeds the bombast of the Emperor of China.

[*Arms of Brazil.*] I, MANUEL ALVES BRANCO, of the Council of His Majesty the Emperor, Minister and Secretary of Foreign Affairs, &c., make known to all wherever this passport may come, that George W. Blake, a citizen of the United States, goes from the city and court of Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Ayres. The regent, in the name of the *Emperor*, commands that no impediment whatever shall be put in the

way of the abovesaid citizen of the United States leaving the port freely ; and to the commanders of armies and of cities, to captains and officers of militia, to ministers and officers of justice, of war, and of the customs, as well as to admirals of navies, chiefs of squadrons, captains of sea and of war, and commanders of all blockades whatsoever, to kings, princes, republics, principalities, potentates, friends of the Imperial crown of Brazil, whether met with at sea or in passing through their dominions, that they do nothing to the hinderance of his voyage or journey, but rather that they assist him and supply him with whatever he may require. In this certifying that those who may bring similar recommendations from their sovereigns shall be equally favored by the subjects of his *Imperial Majesty*. In virtue of which I have issued this present passport, signed by me, and stamped with the *imperial arms*.

Given at the Palace of Rio de Janeiro, November 21, in the year of our Lord 1835, and the 14th of the Independence of the Empire.

(Signed)

MANUEL A. BRANCO.

By order of his Excellency.

VICENTE ANTONIO DE COSTA.

[Registered page —, 4th Book of Passports.]

OFFICE SECRETARY OF STATE,

Nov. 21, 1835.

V. A. DE COSTA.

One might think from the above that it would be essentially necessary for every foreign traveler to have a passport from the government of Brazil if he did not know that it was one of the weakest governments in the world, and that the reciprocations they promise to all who respect their passports, when they come to Brazil, are nothing else but extortions and oppressions. I

came on board this fine, large ship, (formerly one of the London packets from New York,) late in the evening of the 21st, and sailed from Rio on Monday, November 23. I have very good accommodations and ample conveniences for writing. To this and my leisure you are indebted for the trouble of reading so long a letter. Please tell the boys, who expressed such a desire to come with me, that the courage they manifested would have deserted them before some of the dangers of the deep. The sun was so hot at the equator that the skin would have peeled from their faces—a common occurrence with “green hands.” I could not but think how much better off they were at home, and I advise them never to go to sea, or to trust themselves on salt water without a good reason.

The next letter is to his brother, J. W. B., in Boston, dated January 20, 1836.

“I arrived here early in the month of December from Rio Janeiro, since which I have been into the interior as far as Cordova, from whence I returned on the 15th of this month. My journey has thrown me into a fever, from which, my physician says, I am recovering. I am too sick, however, to write you myself, and am obliged to employ an amanuensis.”

On his return to Buenos Ayres he seems to

have found the little flock, with whom he had formerly worshiped, scattered.* He was also disappointed in regard to his prospects for business. These things, added to his confinement by sickness, all tended to depress his spirits, as appears from his journal at this time, from which we make some extracts.

BUENOS AYRES, SABBATH, April 10, 1836.

It was permitted me last Sabbath to partake of the emblems of my dying Saviour's body and blood, at the English church, and in the Episcopal form. Kneeling to receive the elements seemed to make the ceremony solemn and imposing. Going to the altar was new to me, and, as I bowed and waited my turn, I was enabled, I trust in sincerity, to give up myself anew to God, and I made many good resolutions. Oh, when shall I begin to live wholly for Christ! I will awake. O God, my heart is fixed! but I am weak. In thy strength alone I trust to overcome sin.

I have to acknowledge the goodness of God in preserving my life through many dangers while making a journey into the interior, and

* The missionary from the United States, (an agent of the American Bible Society,) who had maintained public worship principally during Mr. B.'s previous residence there, had returned to his native country.

in raising me up from a bed of sickness since my return. I was brought nigh unto death, and for many days lay weak and helpless, uncertain of the Lord's will concerning me. Thou hast chastised me sorely, but justly ; and now I pray for grace to improve all thy dealings toward me. I have intercourse with few Christians. The destitution of the gospel among this people shows its value. The effects of this destitution are apparent. To those who have felt its power, the regular preaching of the gospel is, indeed, above all price. The companionship of fellow-travelers to Zion is here a luxury unknown in more favored lands. Here heart meets heart, "face answereth to face," and there is unison, concord, love.

Letter to his father : —

BUENOS AYRES, May 30, 1836.

MY DEAR FATHER: I ought to apologize for having delayed writing you so long. I am sorry to say I have been prevented by many things. I have been disappointed in hearing from our family but once since I left the United States ; and now I would remind you that you have a son at seven thousand miles distance ; but this does not make him forget his father, or the endearments of his native country. The sun is

now returning to revive your hemisphere, while it is deserting this in which I live. While at the north nature awakes to life, it is left at the south to perish. Our winter is just setting in. A frost last night set us all shaking with cold. The fire is becoming a desideratum. The cold, bleak winds of June and July, from the icy regions of the south, begin to brace us. I would fain be with you again, not only to enjoy the genial rays of your summer's sun, and escape the cold winter, but especially to refresh my memory by another view of those endearing scenes which made my youth happy, and to see again the face of him from whom I derived my existence, who watched over my infancy, instilling the love of virtue and religion, that I might carry that happiness into later years.

“God bless my father,” is my frequent prayer; and although my residence abroad should be of long continuance, you will never be forgotten. I hope I shall return again in the course of one or two years. .

Journal.

BUENOS AYRES, SATURDAY EVENING, June 25, 1836.

With two friends belonging to the American navy, friends whom I love because they love God, I have this day taken a walk out of town. Among other places we visited the burying-place

of the "Recolata." In this region of the dead we spent a considerable time among the tombs and monuments with which that place abounds. How humiliating was the spectacle of human bones, decayed coffins, and grave clothes, which in some places strewed the ground. The earth on which we trod (our common mother) seemed to have feasted on the bodies of her children, and left these sad remnants of her feast. I looked into the charnel house. It was a tremendous open pit, a reservoir of bones and skulls. Deep into the earth they dug it, but left the top uncovered, and ever exposed to the sight of the living. I thought of the resurrection as I leaned over the wall and surveyed the ghastly scene! When the trumpet sounds and these dry bones awake to life, what a scene will be here! This corruption shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality. Then, like a host arising, death shall verily be swallowed up in *victory*!

SABBATH EVENING, July 3.

Some painful incidents have occurred the past week. In the early part of it an unfortunate acquaintance and countryman, who is residing in this land of strangers, was taken sick. He is the son of pious parents, and one year's residence has been sufficient to make him set at naught all the kind injunctions of his father, and all prin-

ciples of religion. I had made some ineffectual attempts to bring him back, and to secure his attendance at church; and it was not without the most distressing interest that I heard that he was near his end. He was partially insane from the disease. On Wednesday night I watched with him, expecting every hour would be his last. On Thursday night, at eleven o'clock, the physicians declared him to be dying; and then it was proposed that a minister should be sent for to pray with him. The eleventh hour had arrived, and what had been the subject of his derision it was now thought best to bring to his aid! The man of God came at midnight. The sufferer was told of his state, and advised to improve the moment. His mind returned to contemplate the horrors of his situation, but his parched tongue could hardly utter a word. Prayers were said, as eight or ten of his countrymen knelt by his bedside. Convulsions came on, struggles and hiccough; the pulse ceased, and he was placed in a position to die! Strange to say, he revived, and still lives, but only lives to suffer excruciating pain. Death lingers, but there is no hope of his recovery. How dreadful is the situation of this young stranger, with no relative near; he having trifled away the day of grace, forsaken the counsels of his father, and despised those of his God, having no hope, and

apparently drawing near to death! Some of his companions in guilt refuse to see him in this state, so awful, and have forsaken him. This is the friendship of the world! This is worldly trust, and this the end of worldly pleasure!

I have to-day listened to an excellent sermon by Rev. Mr. S——, chaplain in the United States navy. It is encouraging to see a Christian in such a land as this, but to meet the face of a Christian minister, and to hear the preached word from his lips, is blessed and soul reviving. When unexpectedly the waters waft one to these shores, it is like finding a prize of great value.

July 7.

My sick countryman died on the fifth. After the convulsions of Thursday night he did not appear again to have his reason; sometimes calling for his father, mother, sisters, &c. Thus early has he been cut off. May I be admonished!

SATURDAY EVENING, July 23, 1836.

It has been my lot the past week to witness a horrible scene of carnage. On Wednesday I was present at the landing of eighty-four Patagonian Indians, who had been brought as prisoners from the south in irons, by a vessel that had just arrived. Several captives, who had been retaken from the Indians, came in the same

vessel. The men were taken to prison, and on Thursday morning were all taken out and shot! Yes, eighty-four large, stout men, within twenty-four hours of landing, were all executed in this city, few persons knowing that the execution was to take place until the firing commenced. I saw their bodies stripped and laid side by side, in one large, long grave. This was dug in one of the most filthy places near the city, and these sixteen cart loads of human flesh and bones, dripping with blood, were driven through the city, and tipped up beside the grave. These bodies, deprived of every particle of clothing, were then placed in two rows, feet to feet, faces up, the long, black hair of the copper-colored race hanging disheveled over their broken heads and ghastly countenances. See the stout, well-formed bodies, sinewy limbs, projecting chest, such as nature has given this simple race! Thus they lie, in a grave about four feet deep, ready for covering. These men had no trial. Their guilt consisted in pursuing their profession of warfare, and in attempting to escape after being captured. They knew not their doom until led to execution. They knew not the language of the people, and probably were ignorant of the cause of their violent death. O God, let me not be hardened by such scenes, nor let me any more behold them! There have been, it is said, two or three

hundred who have shared the same fate within a few months in the interior of the country.

Letter to his brother : —

July 13.

On all speculative subjects I conceive it well to suspend one's judgment, or at least to express no opinion to the detriment of others. To illustrate my idea, I will relate a circumstance which took place a few days since. I was in an observatory, looking out for approaching vessels. One, at last, hove in sight, as far distant as the eye could reach. As her white sails, and finally her hull rose out of the water, one of several gentlemen affirmed that he knew her character ; that he saw her flag, that she was a Frenchman, he saw the three colors distinctly. Another, thinking, perhaps, he was bound to know as much, declared her to be a Brazilian ; that he could discover the diamond and the crown. Another knowingly averred that she was of Hamburg ; that the castle on the red ground was plain to be seen. You are wrong, said another ; it is an Englishman ; I can see St. George's Cross. I looked, and to my surprise, could see no flag at all. Presently, a very respectable, old, gray-headed pilot took a peep ; and all, as if anxious now to have their own individual opinion confirmed, eagerly inquired what he thought. He

looked some time, and then said, "Gentlemen, I do not know what she is. It will be time enough to conclude when she hoists her flag, and we can all see it alike." I must say I thought him the wisest man of the company. As it proved, the vessel was an American, with her stars and stripes.

I am glad to hear that you are giving attention to the French language. It will be an advantage to you, particularly if you go abroad. I think, for this side the Atlantic, the Castilian is preferable, and for the other, the French. I know enough of both, with the Portuguese, to read the newspapers, and can converse considerably in the Spanish. It is a very elegant and noble language, and in this respect throws the French quite into the shade.

My dear brother, I commend you to God, knowing that he will not fail to bless you, if you serve him. I thank you for your prayers. I fail not to keep regularly our family concert; and be assured you are never forgotten by your affectionate brother,

G. W. BLAKE.

In his journal he writes:—

July — .

On the 19th I changed my lodgings, but still live in the "Calle de la Paz," (the Street of Peace.) God grant I may here find that peace

which the world can not give. Within a few days a war has broken out in the Republic of the Banda Oriental, on the other side of the river. Fears are entertained that this government will be involved, and then we are likely to have trouble again. What a world is this made by the depravity of men. When shall Satan's kingdom be destroyed, and the peaceful kingdom of Christ be established? With more unabated fervor I resolve to pray, "Thy kingdom come."

Aug. 21.

Death seems to surround me on every side. Within a few weeks several have fallen victims to the fell destroyer in the square in which I live. Alas, how frail is man! I see one and another cut down in a moment, some entirely unprepared. Not long since I saw one on his death bed whom I had made some efforts to persuade to attend on the means of grace. He had rejected my invitations, and laughed at my earnestness, although he professed to believe that I had the kindest motives. But his love of pleasure weighed down every other consideration. He would not *think*, but hasted into every kind of dissipation, and made even

"Loved life unlovely, hugging her to death."

He soon ended his race. Disease, brought on by irregularities, in four days from the time he

was taken sick, deprived him of his reason, his speech, and, in a great measure, of his sensibility. As I saw him lie gasping for breath, I mourned that I had not more earnestly warned him of the danger of deferring repentance. Death soon closed the scene. His companions in guilt endeavor to draw a veil over his sinful practices, and to conceal from his friends, who were not present to witness them, the causes of his speedy dissolution. "Those who write to his relatives," said one, "should be careful not to say too much." "It will be enough," said another, "merely to state his decease, and that he was properly attended by nurses and physicians."

Need I say that these were the friends who led him to the brothel and the gaming table, and who had deprived him of his money? I heard that he had a pious father. I saw it written in a beautiful Bible, that was among his effects, "The gift of an affectionate mother to her son," with many tender and touching lines to remind him in a foreign land of her affection, and her frequent prayers for his eternal good. Tears sprang from my eyes as I read these admonitions of a pious mother to her son, now no more.

I did not know her, but I did know him; and, judging of a parent's anxiety to hear some ac-

count of a dying son away from home, I sat down to write some particulars. I thought again; I hesitated; I could say so little in his favor that I gave up the idea; and it is not probable that any one will ever describe "faithfully to his parents the dying scene."

SABBATH EVENING, Aug. 28.

I have been conversing with a pious friend on the necessity of preserving a clear distinction between believers and unbelievers. I urged that it was scriptural to wish for wider difference than exists among the two classes generally at the present day; and that if it was clear where the division lay, we might not only expect Christians to be more holy and useful, but that more of the ungodly would be converted and saved.

It is melancholy to see how many professors of religion there are at the present day who like to belong to either side as suits their convenience. No one who has not seen such professors at home and abroad can calculate the number. Like some of the kings of Israel, who did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and yet suffered the high places to stand, and, to suit the whims of an idolatrous people, would occasionally sacrifice a son, or make him pass through the fire to Moloch, so do some of

our modern Christians. They like to mix matters; but, like the reigns of those kings whom they resemble, their lives will pass without effecting any thing of that work which was then, and is now, to be accomplished by more decided, self-denying, and holy laborers.

TUESDAY EVENING, Sept. 13.

I have visited this evening, among others, a gray-headed countryman, who has reached almost his three score and ten. He is now, strange to say, and has been for many years, one of the worst of profane swearers. I have cultivated an acquaintance with him only with a view to do him good. He has naturally a kind heart, is honest, beloved in his family, has reared his children to be temperate and industrious like himself, never goes to the theater, (nor, indeed, to church!) and is addicted to no vices, other than swearing and the love of gain. I first knew him four years ago in another and foreign country, but never became sufficiently acquainted with him, until within three or four months, to be able, in a kind and friendly manner, to reason with him on the sin of profaneness. He confessed to me his desire to leave it off at the first; and I have noticed with pleasure that he has of late been making efforts to break himself of it, and I have hope of his suc-

ceeding. With regard to religion, he has told me that he wants to be a Christian, but that he is so old he thinks it is too late, and, finding it hard at his time of life to apply himself seriously to obtain eternal life, he is disposed to trust to what good he has done in his family, &c., and with this to throw himself into the hands of his Maker. He is, in some respects, more moral and upright than many of our professing Christians, and often reproaches them for inconsistencies and sins of which he would not be guilty. He is a most faithful follower of Mammon. How I long that he might seek for the true riches as he thirsts for the unsatisfying, corrupting, and perishing treasures of this world! He seems to allow weight to the arguments I use to persuade him to embrace the gospel. My heart is drawn out toward him, and I earnestly wish for the salvation of his soul, according to my usual custom after speaking with any one on the subject of religion. I have commended him to God in prayer again and again. He seems to desire my company; although I do not let any good opportunity pass to remind him of, and reprove him for, his sins. I endeavor to do it kindly and respectfully, and, notwithstanding the difference in our ages, and the great difference in our opinions, I find much reward in the kind and good-tempered way in which he listens to me.

SABBATH, Sept. 15.

I have been reading the Life of Brainerd. He was eminently a holy man, a Christian who exemplified his faith by his works, showing also, in his experience, that a happy death will follow a faithful life. I feel my soul refreshed by this perusal, and pray God to make it a blessing to me.

CHAPTER XII.

Conversation with Companions. — A Holy Life necessary to Usefulness. — Card Playing. — New Consecration. — Severe Sickness. — State of the Country. — Views and Feelings under Reverses. — Anxiety for a Friend.

BUENOS AYRES, SABBATH EVENING, Oct. 2.

Journal. — Providence has opened the way for me to speak to two of my companions, who have long lived seeking the pleasures of sin. I was enabled, as I trust, through the favor of God, to make religion appear to them comely, and preferable to their unholy and unsubstantial systems of morals. They admitted the truth of all I said. I urged the shortness of time, the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death and judgment, as inducements to improve the present moment. I had a private interview with each. One said, "As soon as I get home to my family I will attend to religion." The other said, "You seem enthusiastic; and I confess your enthusiasm is worth having; but I know not how to get it." He did not believe in the efficacy of prayer. I advised him to make trial of it, confessing his ignorance, and asking for light; and

I assured him that the promises would not fail. "Well," said he, "when I have time I will try this method." I thereupon almost despaired of him; for there is not a man in the city who has more leisure than he; and yet, Felix-like, he wants a more convenient season. Alas, how plainly is the heart of man alienated from God and from divine things!

I have sometimes feared to be very forward to warn and exhort others, lest I should thereby, in case of falling, become a greater instrument of dishonor to the cause of Christ, or by my inconsistencies become a stumbling block to others. I have, however, determined to do my duty, trusting in God to keep me from dishonoring his cause. The more public the stand I take the more I feel committed, and the more I see the necessity of a holy life and conversation. I think many Christians would backslide less if they were more fully committed; and I *know* that the convenient position many take, equidistant between heaven and the world, is no favorable situation for doing good, nor for the enjoyment of inward peace.

Dec. 1.

I called this morning upon one or two gentlemen, who came to church, and sat in my pew, last Sabbath. One I found entertaining some

company. "Now you've come," said one, patting me over the shoulders, "we'll take a game at whist. You play, of course?" "No, sir, I do not;" and I recollected that he had come to me only a few days previous, stating that he was too conscientious to play at cards. But he now had an object to accomplish in his business. The cards were produced. "Mr. B., you *will* join us," said the host. "No, sir; I do not play at cards." "Sit down, *now*," said another; "just enough with you to make a party." This last was one with whom I had been long acquainted, and who professed at one time to have felt the power of that Spirit whom he had often since grieved. In answering him, I answered the whole, and said, "Why, gentlemen, I am a religious man. Don't you know that I can not approve of card playing?" "So am I a religious man," said one and another; "but there is no harm in a game of cards." I soon bade them good night, while they returned me the same words, with a manner implying that they were glad to get rid of a troublesome guest; and yet I know that each one had the inward monitor still remaining to trouble him.

In his present sojourn in Buenos Ayres Mr. B. had no congenial Christian friends with whom he could maintain familiar intercourse,

and meet for prayer. The next entry in his journal shows that he felt this privation.

BUENOS AYRES, SABBATH EVENING, Dec. 11.

A prayer meeting is held in town every Sabbath evening; but it is so boisterous and noisy, that I can not attend with any comfort or pleasure. I am, therefore, considered by those of my fellow-Christians, who go to these meetings, as indifferent to religion, a worldling, and a heretic. I, nevertheless, love them, and wish them God-speed. My heart is with them; but, unfortunately, I can not sympathize with their manner of worship. The grave, no doubt, will bury all these differences. In heaven every member of our Lord's triumphant church will be able to sing in unison the same song.

BUENOS AYRES, SABBATH, Jan. 1, 1837.

How interesting is this day, beginning the week, the month, the year! I have anew dedicated myself to God, and made earnest resolutions for the new year; but I know not what a day may bring forth. I pray that in the uncertainty of life I may be led to defer nothing which is my present duty. The year dawns on me in a foreign land; but the narrow way is still before me.

I think I can see the celestial gate, and

that it is my true desire to arrive there, although it may be through a strange land, and through many imperfections and privations, and that I may enjoy and glorify more perfectly my blessed Saviour.

Lord Jesus receive me in thine own time, wholly indebted to grace, to live and reign with thee. Amen.

“Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sovereign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.”

Letter to his youngest brother, then in the Theological Seminary at Pittsburg, Pa.

March 12.

I thank you for your remarks with regard to the meeting of the General Assembly. You hint that it may be uninteresting to me; but, my dear brother, such things are *full* of interest to me. A great subject of regret with me is, that I have so few correspondents who will give me information of this kind. I fear there is a general impression among those who write me from home that, during my absence, I am taking no interest in the great moral and religious questions and benevolent enterprises of the church in my native land. I assure you I read every thing I can lay hold of which throws any light

upon the momentous changes that are taking place in religious matters both in Europe and America. I believe it impossible for any Christian to look with indifference upon the prospects of religion in Great Britain without the most lively concern.

In the United States I am, of course, more interested. You must not conclude, because it is my business to buy and sell, that I devote, like too many of our American merchants and traders, all my faculties to sordid purposes. I go upon the principle that there is a time for all things; and when I can not pursue my profession without sacrificing my soul, I'll advertise myself, To let — an unexpired lease of a miserable existence.

You will observe that though I have left the street of "Piety," I have moved up the street of "Peace." Are not these grand names for avenues? One might conclude this to be a very religious people. Alas! the names are here, indeed, but for the substance! You might as well look for

"Blooming roses on the cheek of death,
Substance in a world of fleeting shades."

As for myself, would to God that I brought forth more of the fruits of piety and peace. You speak of temptations, and of being encour-

aged by my example. I bless God if he has, in this respect, made me in any wise a help to you. I can boast of nothing but the grace of God; and he alone has upheld me when my feet were slipping, and I had well nigh fallen. My warfare is hard; but, knowing who is the Captain of my salvation, and who will finally become victorious, I am strengthened day by day, *fearing*, that I may be watchful and prayerful, *indulging in no carnal security*, lest I may be forsaken.

Journal.

SABBATH EVENING, March 19.

The cares of business have almost overwhelmed me. One Christian brother has deserted me, owing to our differing on a subject of charity. I have made efforts to explain, have even put myself in the wrong, and asked his forgiveness, but he still keeps aloof. May God forgive us both, and unite us in a future world, as I trust we both love him, and ardently desire to obey him.

Letter to his twin brother.

April 23.

MY BELOVED BROTHER: I have occasionally, through others, heard of your joys and your sorrows, and have, unknown to you, given you

my most lively sympathies. I have seen you in imagination when your bosom beat with pleasure at the birth of an heir; I have seen you mourning at its loss; but in all these scenes you appeared as a Christian. Was it indeed so? Did you lean on God, and did he support you? These joys and sorrows are part and parcel of the world in which we live. Changes, painful and pleasing, are constantly occurring to remind us that nothing is stable, nothing lasting. To be prepared for them we must be habitually resigned to the will of him who governs them all, and who will make all work together for good to them that love him.

I am just recovering from a disease which has been very prevalent here, and of which more than two thousand persons have died the last year in this city—a kind of malignant scarlet fever. During the height of the disease I had little hope of recovery; but God has spared me, and, as I hope, for some good purpose. It was a great comfort to me in my sickness to feel that I was in the hands of God, and that I felt willing to live or die as he chose.

On my disease assuming the appearance of scarlet fever I became an object of terror to the family and neighborhood in which I live. But it pleased God to send me two or three friends, who watched over me; and one in particular,

to whose kind and assiduous care, during my worst night, I attribute, in a great measure, under God, the saving of my life.

In his journal, when speaking on the subject of his sickness, Mr. B. says, "May God reward those who visited, relieved, and comforted one of the least of his disciples in his sickness. I have been much affected in view of the goodness and mercy of God in my restoration, and have anew dedicated myself to him."

To his brother, E. W. B., Esq., New Haven, he writes: —

May 28.

All South America is at present in a state of warfare, and not much tranquillity can reasonably be expected to prevail in any part of it for the next two or three years. On many accounts I would gladly leave it for the more peaceful part of the continent in which you have the good fortune to live; but at present my interests are bound up here, and I do not know when I may be able to leave. Commercial intercourse between the United States and this country is daily growing less, and, in comparison with that of former years, may be said to have almost ceased. I pray that God will keep and bless

you and yours, whether in prosperity or adversity, joy or sorrow.

Journal.—What a blessing, in this benighted part of the world, to hear the gospel preached ! To me it is an almost unspeakable privilege, and I earnestly pray to God that his holy word, whether heard, read, or contemplated, may take deep root in my heart, and bring forth the fruits of holy living. During the meeting this evening I sat by the side of one for whose conversion I have long felt peculiarly interested, for whom I have often prayed, and with whom I have often conversed on the folly and danger of an irreligious life. My soul wrestled hard for him on this occasion, as on many others ; and I do hope it may please God to make him willing in the day of his power. I see many difficulties in the way of this man's coming to Christ ; but I know and am assured that God can remove every obstacle, and that he is not to be limited in his operations. How much he has borne from a rebel like me ; and will he not appear for this friend ? Oh that he would give himself to Christ ! Then I do know that Christ would not refuse him. Even so, come Lord Jesus. Amen.

To his brother in Boston he writes :—

June 28.

It grieves me to hear that sister M. is ill ; and I shall be anxious until I hear again. How true it is that this world is not our home. One after another of our friends are taken from us, others are sick, others still in trouble, and all of us hastening to another world.

It is a great comfort to know that so many of those we love are aware of this, and profess themselves to be but "strangers and pilgrims," looking forward to a celestial dwelling-place, "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." God be praised ! and may he be pleased to grant that we may all there reunite after passing through the trials and difficulties to which flesh is heir, having our souls purified by the blood of Christ, and thus made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

I suppose you are all at —, enjoying the balmy air of the country, while I am half frozen, keeping my fire warm in the dead of winter. I am glad that you are so near uncle J. W. while he is suffering under his infirmities. I desire to be affectionately remembered to him.

Nothing gives me more pleasure than to hear of your success in business. I sincerely hope that it may continue so, although I fear that you may be a sufferer in the distress under which

the whole commercial world has fallen. For myself I dare not think of making any thing. I am somewhat afraid of the London bankers. If my bills come back protested, I shall be in a most unenviable situation. Well, should I return to the United States with empty pockets, I hope it will not be without clean hands and a pure heart. I have now been here so long that I feel very much at home. It is becoming almost as easy for me to speak the Spanish as English; and if I were settled here, I would not think of returning at present; but it is idle to calculate on the future. Consigning all I have to Providence, I only hope to live on, with his favor and blessing, until he takes me to himself to live for ever. I begin to think less of localities in this world. Commending you in my prayers to him who is able to keep us all, I remain, &c.

Journal.

SATURDAY EVENING, Aug. 26.

It has pleased God of late to afflict me with the prospect of heavy pecuniary losses. I have often prayed to be delivered from the temptations attending such circumstances. I have feared that I might be left to do something wrong, and bring reproach upon the cause of Christ. I know that there are not wanting those who are watching for my halting. I have,

indeed, been forward to speak, "yea, I have not refrained my lips," and now I feel more deeply in these reverses the necessity of living for Christ. I feel that now, Lord, thou art trying me by adversity. If it please thee to make me poor in this world, oh, deny me not the riches of Christ. Give me strength to resign all at thy bidding, counting no sacrifice too great to follow thee; and help me, O my Saviour, to maintain an unblamable life, that none may take offense or stumble at my doings.

Letter to his youngest brother.

Nov. 13.

VERY DEAR BROTHER: Among many letters which have been accumulating on my desk the past few weeks I find yours of ——. I can not tell you the joy it gave me. It was "good news from a far country," and refreshed my heart.

It grieves me to hear of Christians disputing about trifles, while the great doctrines of the Bible are not received by so large a portion of the human race. I hope you will understand for yourself, and work for Christ, and not for sectarianism. What I most wish you to avoid is a kind of preaching which makes men good Sunday Christians, but good for nothing else. I love a man who is a Christian *all the time*. My heart has been made sick at seeing some of our

modern proselytes, who have been thrown upon foreign shores, and who, having no root, have withered away. If you knew how much the Christian name had suffered by these stumbling-blocks, your heart would bleed.

You ask me if I am happy? I answer, yes, and thank God; for he has not failed to support me under the loss of nearly, or perhaps quite all, my hard earned property. Six months have made a great alteration in my worldly affairs. Will you believe me, my brother, with all this I am happy and resigned. I hardly know which way to turn next. I am waiting to see what Providence will mark out for me. I may return to the United States, and I may not. I bless God that in the loss of fortune my good name is left unsullied. I never enjoyed my hope in Christ better; and it is my desire to do good to all, as I have opportunity; and I find every day how true it is, that in seeking spiritual blessings for others they often descend upon ourselves.

The present state of stagnation in business gives me considerable leisure, which I spend in reading, studying, or in looking about the country, strolling over the wide pampas, which at this season of the year are arrayed in all their vernal glory. I can give you no adequate idea of these vast and beautiful plains, or of the refreshing "pamperos" which come blowing over

them. We may some time meet to compare notes.

I occasionally take a walk to the burying-place of strangers. It reminds me of my mortality. That part of it which belongs to our nation was laid out, planted with a variety of trees, and ornamented with shrubs, about five years since, by a fellow-countryman and myself, we being appointed by the citizens here for that purpose. It is now a very beautiful spot, and would compare well with any thing of the kind in North America. I am still a trustee of this ground, and take a little pride in contemplating my labors there. The sexton who lives upon it is a pious old Scotsman, and converses with all his native brogue and simplicity. I am sometimes inclined to think I may find a comfortable grave under the trees of my own planting, and that this son of Scotia will fill it up for me. This, however, will be as God pleases.

Journal.

SABBATH MORNING, Nov. 19.

O God, it is my earnest desire to be nearer to thee. Pardon and efface those sins which have separated me so far from thee. In worshipping thee in public, in private, or in the family, let thy Spirit direct and comfort me. Grant me a token of thy readiness to answer me. Especially

manifest thy willingness to bestow that which has of late been the burden of my prayer. Thou who art not willing that any should perish, grant my petition in behalf of one whose soul I love as dearly as my own. Show him his need of thee, O Christ, and make him willing in the day of thy power. Let thy Spirit strive with him. Let thy love conquer him.

Letter to his father.

Nov. 24, 1837.

MY DEAR AND VENERATED FATHER: Your long and valued letter of —— lies spread out before me. A father's letter should always be held in estimation, and the more so when it has been written in despite of age and infirmities. I am thus made sensible of your kindness and affection by the sacrifice of ease you must have made to write it, as well as by your letter which overflows with both. In the late distressing crisis in commercial affairs I have had to share deeply, but I believe that I have some small amount of funds in the United States, which are, or will be in the hands of brother J.; and while there is any thing left you are at liberty to make use of it as you may find necessary to your comfort; you need only apply to him. My own affairs here are so confused at this moment that I can hardly say whether I am solvent or insolvent.

It requires some courage and fortitude to bear up under severe disappointments and losses; but I bless God the Christian's hope supports and consoles me. It has been my aim to maintain it in lively exercise in prosperity, and now I find it cheering me in adversity. The longer I live the more I prize the gospel. The more I see of the world the nearer am I constrained to keep to my Saviour. These are my present feelings. May God preserve me in the same. May he sustain you as he has sustained me.

The concert of prayer for our family, of which you speak, I duly observe. You are always remembered, the first evening of every month.

CHAPTER XIII.

Voyage to the United States. — In Boston. — Letter to his Sister in K. — Letter to his youngest Brother. — Journal of a Voyage up the Mississippi to Natchez. — Sabbath Visiting. — Extracts from Letters to his Brothers. — Incidents. — Cemetery in New Orleans. — Returns to Boston. — Death of his Uncle.

IN his journal he writes : —

AT SEA, (South Atlantic Ocean,) Feb. 10, 1838.

Having made my preparations and bade farewell to friends in Buenos Ayres, I embarked January 3d, and sailed from the outer roads at daylight the next morning. By the blessing of Almighty God our voyage has been pursued hitherto uninterrupted by any adverse circumstances. On the 7th inst. we anchored off the city of Pernambuco, and went on shore for refreshments. Having obtained these, we sailed again the same day. I left Buenos Ayres with mingled pain and pleasure. I parted with pain from some friends to whom I had become strongly attached, and who, I believe, reciprocated my attachment. I left with pleasure, because my pecuniary affairs called me to my native land ; and I indulged the hope of soon meeting with those I love, and who, I believe, have not forgotten me.

Again cut off from all intercourse with those who appear to worship my heavenly Father, I lean upon his arm singly and alone. I think I see his goodness displayed in all his dealings with us, notwithstanding the murmuring and constant fault-finding of our commander.

After leaving Pernambuco, our voyagers were detained by adverse winds, and their passage to New York from Buenos Ayres proved one of eighty days.

In his journal he writes : —

Boston, April 1, 1838.

I landed in New York 24th of March, and arrived here on the 30th, after an absence of more than two and a half years. My heart overflows in reviewing the great goodness of God in my preservation and my restoration to this city, where I first dedicated myself to him. Wherever I am, it is enough that God is with me, and permits me to hope in him. The strivings of my soul after holiness, known only to God and myself, I hope here to maintain, although I do not expect any more real Christian communion with others, even in this land of churches and professing Christians, than I have enjoyed among the few humble followers of Jesus in lands of idolatry and superstition. I have just been per-

mitted to unite with my brethren in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and have found it pleasant and refreshing thus to renew my vows in company with those with whom I first made them.

From his journal : —

April 29.

Uncertain in regard to the future of this life, I desire to lean on God, to go where in his providence he would send me, there to remain, or thence depart, as he shall direct. Oh for a *constant* resignation to his will.

Letter to his sister in Keene, N. H. : —

April 25.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have abundant reason to thank God for his goodness to us all. Few members of families as large as ours, could return from a three years' voyage, and find so few among the missing; so many enjoying the favor and the blessings of Heaven. The cry of "Land, ho!" is pleasant when homeward bound, but always causes some forebodings; for who can tell what he must hear as he sets his foot on shore. The suspense is truly painful; joy returns only when he reads in the faces of welcoming friends the pleasing tidings that all's well.

I fear my pecuniary affairs will once more drive me abroad. I find my country in such a

state, also, that I doubt if I could content myself to sit down in any part of it at present.

To the same : —

The settlement of my old affairs has perplexed me, and will continue to perplex for the present. I have experienced one of those trials so common in this world — a betrayal of confidence. One in whom I had reposed great trust, has determined to put my patience and good will to the test. I pray God that I may suffer in a Christian spirit.

Casting about for business, Mr. B. visited New York and some portion of the West ; but finally determined to go South in our own country, and establish himself in a commission business. He first writes to his youngest brother, then at W——, Mass : —

Boston, Oct. 9, 1838.

MY DEAR BROTHER : I hoped to have heard from you ere I left, that I might know how our aged and infirm parent was. I desire to be affectionately remembered to him, and if there is any thing which you may think I can do to alleviate his cares or his wants, you must write me soon through brother J. My love to mother. I often think of her and her untiring attentions to father. Also to Mrs. B.* I wish to be

* A poor, invalid neighbor.

remembered. I hope she has bright visions of the future, and looks upward and forward. I feel like a sojourner, as I am, indeed, for the present. Heaven is desirable from every point of view; and I will assure you, as a resting place, where no more journeys are to be taken, the contemplation of it is very pleasant.

I anticipate a passage of twenty-five days to New Orleans, and six or seven more to Natchez. I am a bird of passage, following the wild geese and other feathered tribes to the warmer regions; and I hope to follow them back next spring to meet you, ere again the song of the turtle is heard in the land. Yours, in double bonds.

Journal.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER, Nov. 7, 1838.

During the passage from Boston we have been favored with fine weather and fair breezes. A man professing religion for a captain, and a pious passenger in company, made the voyage more pleasant to me. It has grieved me, however, that we have not been able to worship the Being whom we serve, unitedly and in a social manner. Our Sabbaths, too, have passed without our assembling ourselves together. As there were none on board to oppose, why should not a few Christians be as ready to acknowledge God as the heathen mariners of China are to

sacrifice to their images? I endeavored to press the duty upon the captain, but found him to have a ready excuse: "I do not begin, because I might not be able to persevere. I fear that I might not live before my crew consistently as a praying man, and I think it much better to neglect the duty altogether than to perform it, and live inconsistently." He appears to be a sincere Christian; I can not, however, but class him with a host of my Lord's professing followers, who prefer following him at a distance. Who does not know that the Lord helps those that trust in him? Suppose the world scoff at those failings which, to humble us, God suffers us now and then to exhibit, shall we, for fear of this, neglect what he has commanded? What would be done with the servant who would refuse to honor his master in public, lest he should attract the gaze of his enemies by sometimes, inadvertently, forgetting him? What son would refuse to manifest his love for his father lest his companions should taunt him with having once offended this parent?

Mr. B., having a consignment of goods to Natches, spent four or five weeks in that place in attention to business, and then returned to New Orleans, where he designed to spend the winter.

Journal.

NATCHES, MISS., SABBATH, NOV. 18, 1838.

We arrived here on Saturday, 10th, and the following day, as well as to-day, I have been permitted to attend public worship. Although these seasons are precious to me, yet, even at such times, how various and inconsistent are my thoughts! and how must I appear to him who is omniscient, while I am revolving in my mind, at the same time, plans for gain or worldly profit, the pleasures of sense, or the trifles of earth? Yet such is my weakness, and such are my failings. I strive to overcome them, and, bless God, I sometimes get the victory. In this community, where profanity is so rife, how pleasant to find a company of Christians to worship and serve our common Saviour! Who that ever tasted and found him gracious could not say with the Psalmist, "My heart was glad when they said unto me, Let us go up to the house of the Lord." The worldliness of Christians, especially those that sojourn here for a time, surprises me. I am grieved to find that most of those who come and go, belonging to churches in other places, here pass themselves off as men having no regard to piety. For instance, a professing Christian was invited yesterday, by a profane and Sabbath-breaking man, to take horses and go out to-day (Sunday) on a pleas-

ure trip into the country. Without courage enough to say that he was accustomed to attend church and keep the Sabbath, or that he wished to serve God at least one day in the seven, he foolishly accepted the proposal and consented to go. On his informing me of it, and regretting that he "*had* to go," as he said, I remonstrated with him, and told him, in a kind way, that as he had done a similar thing the previous Sabbath, I had hoped the present would be kept more sacred. So this morning word was sent to his friend that he did not feel very well, and that he could not go. His friend came to inquire for his health, and found him absent, as he had gone to church. Having thus detected this falsehood, he lay in wait for him as he came home, and I believe succeeded, after all, in leading him to break the Sabbath; for he was not present at public worship in the afternoon.

Another instance. Two professing Christians, both from New England, had casually become acquainted in the course of business, each equally ignorant that the other bore the name of his Master, each supposing the other to belong to the great class of worldly men. Last Sabbath, one wishing to show some attention to his new customer, proposed that he should join him in a ride out on the railroad, to spend the day at a neighboring plantation. The other,

not having courage to make known his convictions, professed to be pleased, and acquiesced. Here, then, these two gentlemen, whose piety and whose example, while in New England, had not been called in question, turned from God's house to trample on his holy day. They arrive at the mansion of their friend, vacated of its inmates, the unconverted host being at church with a converted wife and rising family. They wait his return, are received, stay to dinner, get through late, and keep the whole family from the house of God in the afternoon. On their return, under such circumstances, what will be the feelings with which the evening petitions are offered? Can it be that such men are the lights of the world? Is religion a plant belonging only to one clime? Must it die out at every removal? Or does it relax its claims on the follower of Christ when he steps over a certain boundary? Where is that moral courage so prominent in the early ages? Could thousands then go cheerfully to the stake and the scaffold, bearing taunts and ridicule, and witnessing a good confession? Why, in these times, do thousands, professing to be actuated by the same holy principles, shrink, and often backslide, at the gaze and stare of one or more of their fellow-worms?

NATCHES, SABBATH, Nov. 25, 1838.

I have this day renewed my vows by publicly uniting with a Christian church here in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. It is pleasant to find, in this community, so many professing to love the Lord Jesus Christ. The invitation, through the pastor, to all members of other churches providentially present, of whatever denomination, was both liberal and pleasing. The weak were encouraged to come, the immoral and impenitent were warned off, while they who would stay to witness, as spectators, the interesting scenes, were earnestly entreated to become followers of the Lamb. The table, although long, was filled, and many sat in the pews. I enjoyed, I hope, the divine presence ; and I look forward to that time when every member of that church, now unknown to me, shall be recognized by me in that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away.

NEW ORLEANS, SABBATH, Feb. 17, 1839.

I arrived here on the 21st last month, a stranger, indeed ; but I began with the feeling that God was my friend, and with his presence and care over me what lack I ? It was, and is now, my prayer, that I may be useful wherever I may be ; that my life may not be spent in vain. The year 1838, which I began on the

other side of the world, closed upon me here. I have commenced the present under very different auspices, at least in a worldly point of view. Here I am in this, I may almost say, "Potter's Field;" for it is literally a burying place for strangers—a place I have shunned heretofore, but at last have come to sojourn in. Well, it is very possible that I, who have escaped many perils, may yet become a victim to its pestilences, and a tenant of its swampy cemetery. However that may be, I know that I am, as ever, in the hands of my heavenly Father; that if he has aught for me to do, he will spare me, and if not, he will take me to himself; and my prayer is, Thy will be done.

In one of Mr. B.'s letters we find the following sentences, revealing an interesting trait of character : —

"I wish that whenever, in any of my letters, I give my opinions on business, or other subjects, and you think I err in judgment, you would always be frank to tell me. You must remember that I have been so long away from those who would, from charity, tell me of my failings, that I am now under the greater necessity of making this claim upon my friends. I assure you I will always be grateful for such a service; and the plainer my friends may be, the more thankful I shall be."

In another letter he says : —

“ I have been surprised at the degree of profaneness which exists in this city. I never was in a community which used so frequently and so lightly the sacred names of Jehovah and Jesus.”

The following incident will show the sterling integrity with which Mr. B. transacted business, and how little the principles by which he was actuated were understood by some around him : —

“ I had sold a man some merchandise, amounting to nine dollars. Some days after delivering it I made out my bill without consulting my memorandum, amounting to ten dollars ; carried it, and received the money. A few days afterward, on consulting my memorandum, I found I had unintentionally collected one dollar too much, and went to the person to pay it back. He was a very fair dealing man, and is considered one of the most upright merchants in ——. He said he had forgotten the price when he paid me ; but on my tendering to him the dollar, he immediately remembered that he had paid me too much, and took it, heartily laughing at my honest simplicity, declaring that such a thing was never known in this country. A day or two after I came suddenly upon him in the street, talking with five or six others, and

found him telling them, to their great merri-
ment, of the honest Yankee, who had not been
from home long enough to have learned the
customs of the world; and I was so situated
that I was unable to tell them the source of my
honesty, but was obliged to leave them to im-
pute it to my simplicity.”

Letter to his youngest brother.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 17.

MY DEAR BROTHER: This day has been a
pleasant one to me. I have been occupied by
its customary duties and privileges, and feel
happy that at its close there is room to write to
you. On my second Sabbath in New Orleans I
offered my services to a Sabbath school, and also
to a choir in church, and, although a stranger,
I was well received by both, and my offers were
accepted — the last assigning me a seat in front
of the organ, and the first choosing me one of a
committee of three to visit and go into the high-
ways and byways, to find and bring in the little
wanderers, that they might be taught the won-
ders of redeeming love. To-day, in my rambles
on my errand of mercy, I came near the cem-
etery, and, in the absence of children to attract
me, I was led by curiosity to enter. I lingered
among the tombs for a time, and finally came in
contact with a long tier of graves, three or four

stories in height, erected above ground — a novel mode of burial, certainly, but a good one — where the earth can not be penetrated more than three or four inches without coming to water. I walked along this line, resembling, at a distance, a gun battery with numerous ports, reading the short and melancholy tale of the once-loved, now lifeless, tenant of the tomb. But to describe the mode more fully. The structure is composed of brick, with cells of sufficient size to admit a coffin endwise. One rises above another. The apertures are left open until occupied, when they are either closed with brick or a marble tablet, bearing some kind of inscription. A long tier is built in winter to get ready for summer ; and when the contagion furnishes more subjects than there are cells, watery trenches are opened in which they are sunk. I was pleased to see a goodly number erecting for the coming season, although I hope they may not all be needed.

I could not but observe how every thing about this unpleasant spot coincided with the circumstances here attending death. There is, as a physician remarked, very little sickness in New Orleans. Life takes a sudden departure. Death but calls, and his victims make haste to follow. The stranger is overtaken and carried off un-awares. His obsequies are hurried — few mourn-

ers or none attend. The mason and the trowel take the place of the grave-digger; and his shovel and he, depending on death for his living, (if I may so say,) seems to have worked, like his patron and master, with a quiet and rapid hand — hardly finishing the interment of one before he breaks off to begin upon another. Thus the little portals are closed, as with a careless hand, the bricks laid in haste. The plaster is scattered on in singular confusion, while hardly enough of the surface is smoothed over to admit the scrawling initials made with the point of a stick in the drying mortar. About half of these apertures are furnished with marble tablets, whose inscriptions are also in character. These indicate that the departed had a friend; and many of them appear to have been placed there by one who, spurred on by the first deep pang of bereavement, found some alleviation in ordering one of these testimonials from the hands of the stone-cutter. How simple and touching are the real mourner's words! He cares not for dates or numbers, and these are omitted. One simply contains, "My brother William;" another, "Here lies Fidelia;" another, "My dearest friend;" another, simply the name; others the initials. I noticed that those tablets, apparently supplied some time after interment, contained long and labored inscrip-

tions — a proof of lessened grief, for mourners' words are few. Where the age is inscribed, how melancholy to observe that by far the greater number were men from twenty-two to thirty-five! When dates of death were added, the month and year proclaimed the season of the raging pestilence that cut them down. When professions were stated, it was curious to see how Death called on all — the pious minister, the enterprising merchant, the respected shipmaster, the dutiful clerk, the useful mechanic, father, husband, son, and brother; all lay in the order in which they come to be entombed. Where places of birth were registered, the summary told that every state in the Union had sent forth its victims; and, as if the dread tyrant of the tomb was not content with this, England, France, Germany, and other countries of Europe, had contributed their sons to appease him. It occurred to me that here might be my final resting place; but it was hard to bring my mind to contemplate this with that calmness with which I have been accustomed to look upon the beautiful spot on the bank of the Rio de la Plata. The young growing cypress trees, which I helped to plant in that cemetery, I have loved to look upon as quiet sentinels to watch about my silent home.

I know and feel that, comparatively, it is unimportant where the body is laid when the soul has fled; and yet, in spite of myself, I prayed to be delivered from interment in this miry swamp — this valley of mud and bones — this loathsome, pestilential charnel-house! A friend, in whom I feel some interest, accompanying me, the agreement was made, in view of the uncertainty of life, that the last survivor should, if in this region, see the other decently interred, marking the spot for the satisfaction of distant or approaching friends.

To his sister in Keene he writes :

“ Business here has been so dull as almost to discourage me. But a kind providence has favored me above some hundreds who expected more at setting out than I did. So far as religion or morals are concerned I think some of the foreign cities I have lived in far before New Orleans. For comfort and the conveniences of life, this place is inferior to Buenos Ayres or Rio Janeiro. The city seems almost to deserve the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. Still we may hope, as God is merciful, that there are righteous men enough to save it for the present. There is a wide field here for the Christian and the philanthropist; but it wants the courage of a St.

Paul to stem the torrent of vice that assails one on every side.” *

In June Mr. B. returned to Boston, where he passed the summer in comparative leisure, a part of the time enjoying himself among his relatives and friends, and a part of the time, as will appear in the following letter, attending, with a heart full of kindness, upon the last sickness of a beloved uncle.

THURSDAY MORNING, Oct. 3, 1839.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I wrote you a few days since, informing you of the illness of uncle J. W. Now it becomes my painful duty to record his death. He departed this life this morning. I was present, and closed his eyes in his last struggle. I can hardly describe my feelings as I performed this sad service. What shall I say but that God is just and merciful, and will do all things right, rendering to every man according to his works? We must leave him in his hands. In his life he has been a friend and benefactor to many, as you yourselves can testify. In business, he was honest and respected above the throng, and even in adversity and severe temptation, his intentions and efforts to do strict justice to all are not to be questioned.

* That a most favorable change has taken place in the state of society in New Orleans since the above was written, is well known.

His disease was an aggravated case of bilious fever, which, together with his recent misfortunes in business coming upon him at the advanced age of threescore and ten, combined to render his case hopeless from the beginning. It is a great satisfaction to me that I have been permitted to be with him during his last illness.

To his father, under the same date, in connection with some of the above particulars, he adds : —

“ This dispensation of Providence has deprived us of one of our nearest relatives and friends ; and I trust that all who have shared his generosity and friendship will long revere his memory. He was in many respects a benefactor to my dear mother and our family generally, and as such has deserved our esteem and affection. May God, our heavenly Father, who does all things right, cause us rightly to understand this afflictive event. Let us hear his voice, which warns us to be also ready.

“ Finally, my father, what more shall I say ? Time is hurrying us all to that ‘ undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns ; ’ and these places that once knew him, who now lies a corpse, and that know us, shall soon know us no more for ever.”

CHAPTER XIV.

Letter to his Sister in Keene.—Voyage to New Orleans.—Shipwreck.—Letter from New York to his Sister in Keene.—Marriage, and Arrangements for Sailing to Buenos Ayres.

MR. BLAKE'S intention at this time was to return to Buenos Ayres, where he had spent so much time and with which he had many interesting associations. He writes, however, to his sister in Keene, November 3: "Discouraging advices from the River Plata, of a political and commercial nature, have hitherto prevented me from prosecuting my voyage to that part of the world. I have concluded to abandon it, at least for the winter. The prospect is so poor that I hope to gain by deferring it. The times are no better, but rather worse, and there is every probability that the business of the country must be almost or entirely prostrated before there can be a radical change for the better."

To the same he writes again:—

Nov. 25.

MY DEAR SISTER: I left Boston on Saturday, and came to spend the Sabbath with sister F.,

intending to return this morning, but the driving storm detains me; thus giving me time to reply to your last. I feel very grateful for your generous invitation, but am now on the eve of sailing for the West Indies, and must forego what would be to me a very great satisfaction. To-morrow is the day fixed for sailing, but owing to the storm I shall not get away so soon.

I take passage in the schooner *Glide*, for Havana, where I shall be detained for a few days by business, and then leave for New Orleans, where I design to spend the winter, and return in the spring. At one time I had nearly concluded to spend the winter in New England, but as it must have been in comparative idleness, I was afraid of the result; and, therefore, determined to venture abroad, as a lesser evil, although the risks of business are greater than ever.

I feel truly grateful that I am permitted to be on *terra firma* during the prevailing storm. Many must have suffered intensely the past night at sea. Probably no tongue can tell what anguish hundreds have felt. I close, with love to all, and an affectionate adieu.

The voyage contemplated as above was commenced, but ended disastrously, as will appear

from the following lively and graphic letter to a sister-in-law in New York:—

March 30, 1840.

DEAR SISTER A.: I propose, in answer to your request, to give you a short account of my recent shipwreck.

After being ready for sea, our little vessel was wind-bound in port ten days, but finally left Boston on the 10th of December, 1839. The day was an unusual one for the season; the weather very mild; the wind fair from W. S. W., and every thing propitious. After getting clear of the wharf, there was an opportunity to examine the countenances of those who were to accompany me on our passage to Havana.

The captain was a man over fifty years of age, experienced and qualified. Although apparently lacking a little in energy, yet, as he appeared good-natured and easy of access, and susceptible of being influenced by counsel, I did not consider the failing of much importance. The mate was a foreigner by birth; a little, talkative, bustling man; pretending to know more than any body else—giving his opinion where it was not asked or needed, and in cases where he knew nothing of the premises—fond of the marvelous; disposed to take side against the captain, and with the seamen, consequently pro-

ducing strife and bickering. The steward was as deaf as an adder, never hearing the call of captain, mate, or passenger, excepting at his own convenience. Complaints were all uttered to the winds; and no improvement could be expected in his cooking, which bade fair, at the first meal, to be as bad as his hearing. We had three seamen before the mast — Fred, a Swede; Jake, a Dutchman; and Bob, an Englishman. Fred was a good sailor; Jake was considerably above par in his calling; but Bob was good for nothing. There was another person on board, who had taken passage as we were *pushing off*. It was a woman, whose finery and general appearance, together with the fact of her being alone and unprotected on board a vessel, an entire stranger to every one, led us to suspect that all was not right. When I saw her, before we passed the island in the harbor, take out a bunch of cigars from her baggage, familiarly offering them around to the rest of us, lighting one for herself and smoking, my own mind was made up in regard to her character. However, being the only one of the sex on board, she was dignified by the appellation of “Madam,” no one taking the trouble to inquire whether she had any name, or went without one. Thus we altogether made a company of eight souls.

The day of our sailing was a remarkably fine

one for the season ; so much so, indeed, that it was set down as a weather-breeder, and, besides the necessary precautions usually taken on putting to sea, we began to prepare for a storm. We had the misfortune, on passing down the harbor, to strike twice or three times on the rocks off a beacon called "Nix's Mate," too near to which we approached by mistake. The rudder struck the last time, and the captain, being at the helm, was thrown down upon deck by the action of the tiller. It was supposed that we had received no injury, although I had my fears, and proposed that we should not go to sea before we had found out the fact by reconnoitering. We kept on, however. Throughout the night and the next day it was pleasant weather, and in the course of the evening of the 11th we entered the Gulf Stream. Before midnight, however, we took a severe gale from the S. E., which split one of our sails, compelling us to lay to. This lasted twelve hours ; the vessel laboring heavily, straining her timbers, and increasing a small leak which we discovered after striking on Nix's Mate. A strong north-wester generally follows a south-easter, as it did in this case, blowing with unabated fury for five or six days. We scud before the gale, under a foresail close-reefed, and mainsail balance-reefed. The first was blown to pieces during the first twelve hours. The

second was split, making it necessary to furl, in order to save it.

We continued under bare poles, the sea running very high; and our little bark, without sails, being rendered unmanageable, we almost despaired of escaping the violence of the waves, and trembled in view of what even a day might bring forth. At night we dared not calculate for the morrow. In the morning we were sure that sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof, and only inquired how we might live until night. The leak increased, and on the thirteenth it required one pump to be kept constantly going to prevent its gaining upon us. The vessel strained and groaned through her whole length. The stanchions and berth-boards in the forecastle fell down, and the dormitory of the seamen became so wet and uncomfortable that they requested as a favor that they might lie down upon the cabin floor. Perhaps you would like to take a peep at us, as we reel to and fro upon the deep, and anxiously wait to know our fate. I do not know how to bring you safely; but suppose you come on the wings of the wind, and see if you can catch sight of a small schooner, without sails, as she hangs upon her mountain waves. Be quick, or she will sink into the trough of the sea and be out of sight again.

That is the "Glide," from Boston. Now,

come a little nearer. See that man pumping; another at the helm watching every sea, and as a dangerous one approaches, giving the alarm. A few shreds of canvas are hanging from the gaffs, while the vessel scuds simply by the force of the winds against the masts. Suppose you are on board; look at those broken lashings, those shattered bulwarks, that capsized caboose, that started plank-shire, that open waterway-seam, that strongly seamed but still weak companion-way. See how our ship labors and works the oakum out of her deck-seams, and chews up the pitch as if in agony. Now catch your chance and come below. There are two exhausted sailors sleeping on the floor. Your humble servant, occupying the starboard state room, is sitting in the doorway holding on to the lashings of a trunk. The captain, weary with watching, is unconsciously snoring in his berth. The steward who, heeding not the creaking of the timbers, nor the brisk working of the pump, which rises through the cabin, and seems to sweat with toil, is sitting on a chest trying to light some lucifer matches that have had a salt-water ducking. Hark! a woman is calling at the top of her voice, "Steward, steward!" The cry comes from a dark state room on the larboard side. "Steward, *steward!*" The deaf man scrapes match after match, but remains unconscious of the fact

that any one is hailing him. "Oh, I never; what is the fellow about?" "What will you have, madam?" said one, awakened by this shrieking. "I want the steward." "What will you have him do?" "Oh, the water comes down into my berth, so that I am wet as a drowned rat!" "Well, never mind, madam; in an hour or two we may be all under water; so don't be afraid of a few drops now." "Oh! oh! you don't say we are in such danger! oh, what shall I do? I can't stay in here all alone!" This is no sooner uttered than out she comes, undressed, hair disheveled, and from not choosing her steps and taking hold, she is thrown from side to side as the vessel rolls. She tries to awake the captain, but I protest against it, and persuade her to return to her state room. "What can I do there, all alone?" "Oh, there is enough for you to do; say your prayers, and prepare to die." "Ave Maria!" she exclaims, pulling out a crucifix and kissing it. I shake the steward, bawl in his ears, and send him to turn her bed over. It is near night. Our dismal cabin is lighted by a lamp whose glimmering rays seem as precarious as our own uncertain existence. The time for supper has come. The lockers are opened, and the steward arranges upon the floor, in the most secure places, a few thick slices of raw ham, a part of a cheese, a string of

onions, a pitcher of water, a tray of bread, some raw herrings, &c.; and all that can be spared are called to partake. No cooking has been done since a heavy sea has swept the caboose from its place, but no one complains. All apparently enjoy what is set before them. If any find the variety insufficient, there is a pile of raw salt pork spread over one half this cabin, which has been taken from the "harness casks" on deck and thrown below for fear the waves might wash it off. This can be drawn upon. Perhaps the pump, whose regular strokes have become familiar, ceases to work all at once. It may be the man who plies it is tired and has stopped for breath. It may be that the boxes have worn out. It may be that the sea that has just swept over the deck has swept off one of the hands. All is suspense. None care to learn the worst, and there is a general waiting to see if the pump will not begin again. It moves at last; our hopes revive, and suspended jaws begin again to masticate.

Supper through, the watch is relieved, and the rested ones take their stations on deck. A turn at the pump falls to my lot, and pity for the poor sailors leads me to do my duty with alacrity; so that no dead water shall remain when I resign to another. My time is up. I return to the cabin wearied; lie down in my

berth ; breathe a silent prayer for resignation ;
feel it ; sing aloud —

“ I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
The few lurid moments that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.”

Sleep comes over me ; I am transported to other scenes ; find myself escaped from every peril, and enjoying the society of my friends in my native land. The raging sea, dashing against the frail plank that forms one side of my berth, makes a musical bass to the whistling of the wind through our bulwarks and rigging, while the pump beats time with the regularity of a drum ; these sounds lull to sleep the weary mariner.

But oh ! if the pump ceases, the dream is spoiled ; the charm is broken, and there is no more sleep until it is once more in motion. What between sleeping and waking the night wears heavily away. At the change of the watches the seamen come down, cursing the time they shipped in this vessel and swearing never to ship again in a similar one. I can not but rebuke them, and remind the most forward of them, who was Jake, that he might never again have an opportunity to ship at all. He admitted that it might be so, and that it was foolish to

utter useless wishes and regrets. Eight hours elapsed. A tremendous sea strikes the schooner, throws her upon her side, the water rushes down the companion. In the cabin we are thrown from our berths. Every thing is upset and swimming in water. The first impression is that we are sinking. The lights are extinguished, and all is darkness and confusion. All below are inquiring, What is the matter? On deck all is still, save the dashing of the waters and the roaring of the winds. After finding the companion stairs we make an effort to get out, but to our dismay we find that we are shut down, and it is impossible to move the door. We hail them on deck. No one answers at first. The woman shrieks with fear, and calls upon the saints. The men are dumb from fright. I insist on finding an ax to cut our way out. We find one; simultaneously a voice is heard on deck. The vessel begins to right. The ax is passed out through an aperture, that the person without, who proves to be the mate, may cut away some of the spars that bind us down. We are relieved, and inquire of the mate who is lost? he answers, No one; that *he* had been washed off, but had regained the vessel by being borne back by the swash of the sea! He comes down in the cabin and inquires for Jake. I informed him that he went up just before the sea struck

us. "Then he is gone!" said he, running up in haste, and calling at the top of his voice, "Jacob! Jacob!" No one answered, nor could it have been expected, for we were two or three miles from the place where he had left us. "Ah, poor Jacob!" was the expression of all. "He was the best man we had," added one. "I was afraid he would go first, when he cursed so last night," said another. "Jacob was rich," added a shipmate the next day; "he had four hundred dollars in the savings bank in New York. He was to be married when he returned; and now who will have his property?"

After pumping out the extra water, and throwing off the deck load to lighten the schooner, daylight appearing, we began to think of eating again. Jake, (or Jacob as he was called after his death, in respect to his memory,) continued to be the subject of conversation; but as the day passed he was forgotten, except now and then one would be heard envying the lot of one who was beyond the reach of pain, toil, and anxiety.

Now, I will suppose you, my dear sister, again on land. You have seen the occurrences of part of a day and a night. Such was the experience of the 15th of December, and the night following. Our sails, even those that were furled, had blown to pieces, and we had scarcely a rag fit to set. It was nearly a day's work to place

things in as good order as they were the day before. The gale continuing, we thought it safer to lay to, on account of the sea, which was terrific. I suggested that we should heave to under some pieces of canvas stretched up and down on the rigging; these we had prepared by four o'clock, P. M., of Monday the sixteenth. Our condition did not now appear much safer than before, but on some accounts it was preferable.

I forgot to say that on the second day out "Madam" invited me to play at cards, which invitation I declined of course. But I was amused to hear her inform the captain on the fifteenth or sixteenth, during the hardest of the gale, that she was considerably troubled in conscience for having a pack of cards on board, at the same time handing them to him and requesting that they might be cast overboard to propitiate the storm. The captain took them as if he had discovered the origin of our troubles, and rushing on deck, called the crew to witness the deed; he threw them into the sea, as the men shouted in token of approbation. One single card was by the wind returned on board, and it excited some curiosity to know what the omen could mean. Madam suggested that it was on account of the man that was lost; while it was considered by others to signify that only one of us all should be saved. Our captain was par-

ticular in examining to see if he had the full complement, without which it would seem that he did not expect to succeed. On Wednesday the eighteenth, the wind moderated and gave us time to patch up our vessel, which had become a complete wreck. We exerted ourselves to the utmost in splicing, lashing, calking, clearing away, mending sails, and other efforts to get snug again, at the same time resolving to leave the wreck if we should discover a vessel that would take us off. At four o'clock, P. M., one of our number cried, "Sail, ho!" from the mast head. We soon made her out to be a ship standing nearly in a direction toward us. She headed north-east, from which circumstance we supposed she must be bound to Europe. We set our colors in distress, and before dark had the satisfaction of seeing her flag hoisted in answer to ours. It was so dark that we were not able to tell the nation to which she appertained. The wind being light, the ship did not near us sufficiently to speak us until seven o'clock. She hailed in English, to know what we wanted. But we had scarcely time to say a word before she was out of hearing distance. Presently a boat came near us, with a few men, all speaking some unknown tongue. I inquired in English, French, and Spanish what countrymen they were. They understood me sufficiently to say

that they were Swedes. Our mate, who was by birth a Swede, immediately commenced speaking to them in their own language, informing them of our condition, and requesting that we might be taken off. The boat, which was a small one, returned to the ship, the steersman saying that he would return with a larger one, and take us all off with our baggage. As the wind began to rise, and it became cloudy and rainy, we doubted whether we should ever see a boat again. We packed up, however, and made ready to leave. At ten o'clock we heard voices, and presently saw a boat approaching. The mate of the ship commanded it, and informed us that there was so much sea on that he should not be able to board us, but that he would keep near us; and if we would throw our things overboard he would pick them up, and if we would get into the boat in the same way he would do all he could to help us. It was raining in torrents. We began to give him our baggage, tying a rope to the articles and floating them astern.

I had my fears that we might part with our effects, and afterwards not be able to get off ourselves; but, notwithstanding, I continued to throw over trunk after trunk, both of my own and others. Directly the boatman declared that, owing to the increasing sea it would not be safe

to take more baggage, and that if we did not come then he must go off and leave us. The captain immediately left, and a part of the hands slipped down a rope attached to one of the davits, and were picked up one by one into the boat. The mate was just going, leaving but one man and myself behind on deck, and Madam sitting waiting in the cabin to be called. I stopped the mate, insisting that we ought not to go until the woman was put into the boat. He was a little ashamed, and remained while I called up Madam, and, amid her cries and tears, dragged her to the taffrail, got her poised upon it, bent the rope round her waist, seized a moment unexpectedly to her and pushed her off, holding on to the line, and hanging her up. I begged the boatman to show some gallantry on such an occasion, and come under with the boat, while I stood ready to drop her into it. This plan succeeded, and she was safely placed in the boat, although there was much danger attending it. The rest of us soon followed, leaving on deck my writing desk, hat box, valise, and clothes bag, containing my cloak, surtout, boots, and shoes, some of my bedding, books, papers, &c. We were soon ready to push off, but found not a little difficulty in clearing the schooner. She seemed to make an effort to run over us, and we all sent up a shriek of despair as we

passed under her bows. By plying the oars briskly, however, we escaped. The ship had drifted to a distance of several miles, and it was with difficulty that we discovered her light as we rose upon the top of the waves. Several seas threatened to overwhelm us, breaking into the boat, and partly filling it. At one time we hardly dared to hope that we should escape. Indeed I did not expect it, and began to sing a hymn, which had a calming and soothing influence on my mind. All else were in most breathless anxiety. The woman, who supposed herself safe when nearing the ship, seized my hand, and, believing me to have been the instrument of saving her life because I put her into the boat, uttered a thousand thanks, and made as many promises. I told her I believed her a runaway, and hoped she would stay in her own country and among her own friends should she ever get on land again. She told me that she ran away in her youth from her relatives, and was much surprised that I should have guessed the same. After getting on board the ship, however, she conducted herself in such a way as to make us sure that she would never keep her promises, or be made better by her misfortunes. In making the exchange from boat to ship our danger was extreme ; but a kind Providence saved us, although the boat was stove in

and broken against the sides of the ship. It was midnight; and you may imagine how glad the Swedish captain was to see us after three hours' trembling for the safety of his boat and half the crew of his ship.

The gale increased; the ship was hove to under a mizzen staysail. We were asked below, and, cold, wet, and exhausted as I was, I could not refuse a glass of brandy which was offered to me. The cabin of the Pehrennes not being very convenient for the accommodation of new comers, and the woman, whom I disliked exceedingly, being asked to occupy a part, I resorted to the hold of the ship, and stretched myself upon some sails that lay upon the water casks and among the cargo.

My gratitude was unbounded for the comfort which even this situation afforded me, and for this deliverance in some of the greatest perils of my life. A king on his throne could not have been more happy. The ship was bound to New York. The distance did not exceed four days' sail, and we hoped for a speedy arrival there; but, alas, the sequel will show how vain were our expectations! That night I found sleep far from me. In less than two hours I was shaking with ague, half frozen, and found myself feeling about in the dark hold of a ship, stumbling over iron, boxes, and barrels, searching for

some wet blankets which had been thrown down the hatch before we came down, that I might cover myself.

We had supposed the ship stanch and strong ; but daylight came, and with it the lifting of the hatch, discovering to us an old ship, heavily laden with iron, a slow sailer, rather leaky, with a poor crew, and altogether making it doubtful whether we were going to float much longer for changing ships. Inquiries were made of the captain, "How many days have you been out?" "Tree monts." "When do you expect to arrive?" "I can no tell; in a few days, I hopes; ven de nord-vesters blows no more. What *you* tink?" Our captain replied, "You ought to get in within ten days." From the observations I had made, I replied, "I think you will not get in within *thirty days*;" and I made up my mind not to expect to arrive under a month.

But my story is getting too long, and it would take up too much time and room to tell you how we passed the *thirty-five* days which we were compelled to remain on board. There were some intrigues, some quarrels, and hard feelings. There were also some good times at Christmas and New Year's. On the whole, the retrospect is not so comfortless as one might suppose.

Letter to his sister in K.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10, 1840.

MY DEAR SISTER: As you have probably received the papers which I mailed for K., you are aware of the circumstances which conspired to bring me to New York despite my attempts to reach the south. I have not been very well since I returned from sea, or I should have written you before.

I have no pleasure in communicating my misfortunes. A shipwreck, though, is an every day affair in these times, and many have recently occurred that were more disastrous than mine. Indeed, when I contemplate the awful affair of the Lexington,* my troubles do not seem worth mentioning. It is enough, at present, to say, that it pleased God to spare my life, and bring me once more safe to land; and I hope you, with my other friends, will unite with me in praising him for this deliverance.

I arrived here on the 21st ult., and have since been at the house of brother E., whose kindness, together with that of sister A., has contributed to make this a very safe and pleasant harbor to recruit in. I have determined not to go to New Orleans this winter. It is now so late in the season that there seems but little

* A steamboat burnt on Long Island Sound.

inducement, and the voyage itself has few attractions after nearly two months drubbing from the winds and waves in one of the most stormy regions of the Atlantic Ocean.

My pecuniary loss from my late misfortune, I hope, will not exceed three or four hundred dollars, and perhaps not so much. The sympathy which all my friends express for me may be said to be worth more than that; so that I have cause for much gratitude. Our brothers at New Haven have sent me a very pressing invitation to stop with them until I have concluded what to do again. Brother E. here is equally kind, and I do believe that I am getting more of the family affections than belong to me. The commercial and financial difficulties of the land do not abate in the least.

Thousands, who a few months since lived in the greatest style of affluence, have been reduced to poverty, and must leave the metropolis for the fields, to gain a living by the sweat of their brow. It would seem as if the Lord had entered the temple and again overthrown the tables of the money-changers, and many have fled in confusion. If I may predict, it will yet take some time to purify the corrupt fountains, and restore healthy action to the mercantile body.

With love to your dear family, I remain your affectionate brother.

In May of this year Mr. Blake made a short visit to Washington, and then laid his plans for another voyage to South America.

On the 12th of June, he wrote his sister, however, in K., that it was his intention to be married before he left, and that he had made choice for a companion of Miss Elizabeth Dyer, of Truro, Mass., a daughter of an old acquaintance and friend.

To show how religion influenced his whole life, and would determine his course in his domestic relations, the following extract is given from a letter to his intended wife: —

BOSTON, June 7.

What could be more inconsistent than that we, who have been redeemed by Christ's precious blood, should refuse to be known as his children? Nothing, surely. Let others do as they will, for *us, we* will serve the Lord. May God grant that we may ever honor and obey him in our daily walk and conversation. What hopes and promises are revealed to us in the gospel! Shall we be partakers of the benefit? Oh, yes; if true believers, we certainly shall. Let us strive to *begin* well, that we may expect to *end* well. How trifling and insignificant do the things of this life appear when we compare them with

spiritual and eternal objects ! Let us never forget that we have here no abiding place ; that we are strangers and pilgrims ; that this world is not our home ; that we seek a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

A further extract from the same letter, gives an interesting example of his manner when traveling : —

I was much pleased at finding the crew and the most of the people on board the small vessel in which I came up from the Cape, Christians. They appeared to be consistent, and were united like brothers. I dare say that their little cabin in the forward part of the boat has often been used in social worship, and that in following their humble occupation as fishermen, when the sea has roared and foamed around them, their glad voices have been heard above the blast, ascending to the praise of the great Creator. I had much conversation with the “ skipper.” He introduced the subject, and it did my heart good to find one, however humble, who hesitated not to declare that he was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. I wished him God-speed ; and since I arrived on shore, I have felt it a duty and a privilege to commend these mariners to the pro-

tection and blessing of Heaven. They treated me kindly and hospitably, for which I was grateful.

Mr. B. was married on the 30th of June, and immediately prepared to sail again for Buenos Ayres.

CHAPTER XV.

Journal of Third and Last Voyage to Buenos Ayres.—Communication to Boston Recorder.—North and South America contrasted.—Letter to his youngest Sister.—French Infidelity.—Letter from the “Pampas.”

DURING the voyage a journal was kept *jointly* by the wedded pair, at the request of their friends on the Cape, to whom it was addressed ; some extracts from this will be given.

July 11, 1840.

Sailed from Boston, bound to the River Plate. Nothing remarkable occurred, aside from the painful separation from friends, home, and country.

July 17.

A very pleasant day. We were pleased to find that our commander, Captain D., is not only one of the most affable and obliging men of his profession, but one of the most intelligent and experienced. He has been several voyages to the East Indies ; and besides being acquainted with many of our missionaries and other benevo-

lent men in those regions, he is well informed in regard to the manners, customs, religion, and wants of the natives. He has had the honor of conveying several eminent missionaries abroad ; performing the service acceptably to them and to the Board which sent them. Mr. Gutzlaff, so well known in connection with missionary operations in China, was once a passenger with him from Singapore to Bangkok, in Siam ; and subsequently the captain was sick for several weeks at the house, and under the medical care of Mr. Gutzlaff. Last evening he told us of an interview, which, in company with Mr. G., he once had with the king of Siam. They had a special invitation to go to the royal palace, and found the king seated on his golden throne, ready to receive them. After being presented, his majesty made, among others, the following inquiries of Capt. D. : “ How far is it to America ? ” “ Is the river by which you go crooked, or straight ? ” “ What are your cables made of ? ” “ Are your anchors wood ? ” “ How many times do you have to drop them on the voyage ? ” “ How deep is the water ? ” “ How do you account for the tides ? ” To this last question the captain gave the generally received opinion in reply. The king laughed at what he called his ignorance, and out of pity deigned to give the true reason for the rising and falling of the waters. “ There is,” said he, “ at

the mouth of the river, an immense tortoise, which draws in the waters, making them retire, and lets them out again for the flow. This is the true theory!" adding, "Now, sir, since in this you are so greatly mistaken, and evidently know so little, how can I believe that you have answered my other questions correctly? You may go, now:" — thus breaking up the interview.

FRIDAY, July 31.

It is now just one calendar month since a wedding occurred upon the Cape, in which the writers of this journal were the parties most immediately interested. The time has hurried away, and yet it has taken us over twelve hundred miles from home; and here, upon the wide ocean, we commence a new month, with bright skies, unclouded horizon, and a propitious gale gently bearing us on to our destined haven. Still we look forward; and so will it probably be through life; and so, we trust, in death. The present is indeed but a pilgrimage; and the *future* alone is our home! We thank God that in our fondest anticipations our eyes are fixed upon the same objects, our hopes and aims are one; and being united here, we rejoice in the prospect of perpetuating that union in a world without end.

Aug. 29.

For the last ten days we have been passing over that unpleasant part of a voyage to the southern hemisphere, lying between the N. E. and S. E. trade winds, embracing about eight degrees of latitude, where squalls, calms, rain, heavy swells, and rolling seas are the prevailing objects of solicitude, and, of course, the prevailing subjects of conversation.

Sept. 1.

This is our first day in the southern hemisphere. We crossed the equator last evening. The roughness of the sea has for some time prevented our editress from performing the duties she owes to this journal, and, in order that our readers may keep up with our progress, the present writer has to act a more conspicuous part than he could otherwise wish. We have been looking for the first appearance of that beautiful constellation, the "Southern Cross;" but it has not yet come above the horizon. It is said that the Papists, who voyage to the southern hemisphere, when first seeing it, fall down to it, and worship it as an emblem of their faith. We would be guilty of no such breach of the second commandment; yet the sight of the cross may properly lead us to serious reflections. My Redeemer met death upon the cross. Behold, my soul, the emblem of his

torture ! Think of him hanging upon the tree. Hear his last words — proof of unquenchable love to men : “ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do ; ” and shall I not take up *my* cross at *his* bidding ? Behold the multitude for whom he died, who have this image constantly before them, on their churches, their market houses, in their dwellings, and on their persons, and yet his sacred name many of them constantly use in anger or in jest. Does this cross remind them of him to any good purpose ? What can I do for them ?

Lat. 9° S., Sept. 5.

To-day concludes just eight weeks since we left Boston. Time flies, whether passed in pleasure or pain. Our lives wear away, if our voyage does not.

No grumbling, (to use a word well understood by sailors,) is allowed on board the ship ; but the rule only extends to fault-finding with regard to *man* and his works. If the wind is not fair, all may complain of *that*. If clouds obscure the rays of the sun, all may show dissatisfaction, and no one take offense. I said *no one* ; but is there not One who has a right to be offended ?

SUNDAY, Sept. 6.

Have been reading the Life of Harlan Page — a life worthy of the imitation of every

Christian. What encouragement does his success afford to those who pray and labor in the vineyard of the Lord! Every one certainly must desire as happy a death as Harlan Page had; but how few will earn the short, but well-deserved tribute upon his grave stone: "He ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears."

Sept. 19.

To-day is the seventieth since leaving Boston. "When shall we arrive?" is now every day asked.

SABBATH, 20th.

We are to-day in the latitude of Cape St. Mary — the northern side of the great Rio de la Plata. The water begins to assume a green color — an indication that we are sailing over soundings, which extend off to the eastward of the river. Weather very fine; thermometer at 75°. The sea remarkably smooth, with a light breeze from the south.

Aside from our isolated situation in respect to the religious world, we could not have a pleasanter Sabbath. We have religious books, peace of mind, and retirement; grateful hearts, and in our own snug state room we may worship God according to the dictates of our consciences, with none to molest or make us afraid. We should, indeed, be additionally gratified if there could

be an assembly each day of all our little number, who, cast upon the sea with us, share the same perils, need the same protection, have the same God, and should have the same desire to praise him. How appropriate is a united-service to our great Benefactor and Preserver!

In the smaller tasks pertaining to the voyage, taking in sail or preparing for a storm, all are willing to lend a hand. The topsails are hoisted by united strength, and they go up with alacrity at the song of the boatswain. But how is it in those things that pertain to the soul's interests? The storm of God's wrath, to be revealed upon the impenitent, approaches. The solemn and fearful shores of eternity are under our lee. The tempest thickens, and dangers are on every side; our sails are unprepared, our ship unprovided for the struggle, our souls unsheltered and near to sinking; yet there is no voice of a captain to rally all hands to strive against the inevitable destruction! Thanks be to God there are some masters of ships who do not utterly neglect these things; but there are others who, though they profess to feel the importance of them, exert no favorable religious influence on the crew. Not even a Sunday service is held; and why? Let me record the reasons given by three professedly pious shipmasters, who have been asked. One said he never prayed with

or exhorted his crew because they would make a mock of him afterwards in the fore-castle.

Another said he never read, prayed, or exhorted with his men, because it would be impossible to maintain good discipline if he did; that sailors would take advantage of Christian, brotherly kindness toward them on the part of officers; that mutinies and insubordination would be the consequence; and, therefore, he never would labor religiously with them.

And still another, who made none of these objections, said it was impossible to be consistent as a Christian before his men, and therefore in praying with them he should profess himself to be more holy than he was, and his inconsistencies would reproach religion and scandalize its pure doctrines! Similar reasons were given for not raising the Bethel flag, and inviting preaching on board when in port. Will such reasons stand in the judgment? Did the first count the cost, when he professed Christianity? Is he not ashamed of Jesus and of his cross? Did the second ever consider that Christianity acted out is not only compatible with good government, but that it is its very foundation? Witness Christian states. The more the Bible and its precepts are inculcated and obeyed, the more peace, the more happiness. Let him learn what Christianity is. How long will the third

keep his light under a bushel? Nay, is not his light darkness? Did he ever see the light? Are such persons in a way to receive the glorious welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant"?

This "journal of the voyage" was closed with the following entry, and thus sent to friends to whom it was addressed:—

MONTE VIDEO, Oct. 21, 1840.

The writer is desirous of adding his testimony to the goodness of God in having brought us to this place in safety, where we arrived about a month since, having been at sea seventy-three days. Some of our friends made haste to meet us before our vessel had furled her sails, and would have us remove immediately on shore and take up our lodgings with them. Our quarters are more comfortable than we could have expected from the present state of the city, which may be said to have doubled its population within two years, without having added one fifth to its number of houses. Every dwelling swarms with people. Boarding and coffee houses are overrun, and many new comers are obliged to live on board the ships. The harbor is crowded with vessels, waiting with anxiety the removal of the blockade of Buenos Ayres by the French

fleet, which has now lasted two and a half years. Most of our countrymen here expect to go up to the city when it is raised — some to reside for a term of years, and we among the number.

A new admiral, empowered to settle the difficulties between France and the Argentine Republic, has arrived and proceeded up the river. Much is expected from his visit, and good news is every moment looked for. The tyrant, Rosas, continues his government at Buenos Ayres as despotic as ever. He is spilling much blood, we hear; and some of it flows, we are sorry to learn, from some of the best of his fellow-citizens. War surrounds us, yet we, ourselves, are undisturbed, for which we thank God.

We find a letter from Mr. B. to his father, in which he expresses great regret that unavoidable circumstances prevented them from seeing him before they left the United States. After an account of their voyage, he adds, "We hope that amid your trials and troubles, arising from feeble health and the decline of life, your views of the promised land are bright and cheering. The longer I live, the greater privilege I find it to be a follower of the Saviour; and how consoling to know that those whom we love on earth are the

subjects of the same divine grace, and will finally dwell with us in heaven! How short will be the intervening time between this and the final rest of all our loved ones, who hope in the great salvation! How much to encourage us in the promises! Hardly a leaf of God's book but reveals one or more. No doubt you resort to them as to a light shining in a dark place. To one who has so long believed and rejoiced in them there is little for me to say."

The news of the raising of the blockade having arrived at Monte Video, Mr. Blake immediately repaired to Buenos Ayres, leaving his wife to come with some friends as soon as preparations for living could be made. During his residence at that time, in South America, he occasionally wrote communications for the "Boston Recorder." These letters are interesting, as throwing light on the state of that distracted country. Occasionally some extracts will be made from these articles. They may help us to estimate the moral courage requisite to maintain a Christian life in such a community. They show also Mr. Blake's character as a Christian *citizen*, and his strong desires for the best interests of the people.

The following is from the Recorder of April 9, 1841: —

SOUTH AMERICA.

BUENOS AYRES, Dec. 1, 1841.

I wrote you last from Monte Video; and now address you from the ancient metropolitan city of the Viceroy, at present the capital of the Argentine Confederated Provinces. After suffering more than two and a half years of blockade, Buenos Ayres has recently been again thrown open to commerce. I landed but a few days since, in the midst of rejoicings at the reconciliation of the government with the French, the consequent withdrawal of the fleet of the latter, and the reëstablishment of a free and friendly intercourse with other nations.

The city presented quite a lively appearance upon the occasion, owing to the number of flags displayed, and other similar demonstrations of joy. Red being the favorite color of the government party, it is exhibited on gala and other days, by every one in some article of dress, as a sign of fidelity to the administration. Indeed, so far is party spirit carried, that no citizen is considered safe without a badge of this sort. A scarlet ribbon upon each hat bears a motto, imprecating death upon the members of the opposing faction. After one or two weeks of terror and indescribable suffering, the city has become tranquil and safe. The elements of political

dissension are not, however, entirely settled, and there can plainly be discovered in the faces of the inhabitants an anxiety in regard to the future. Two opposing armies in the interior are still contending for the mastery, and conflicting reports are daily reaching us of their doings.

The North American, fresh from the home of his youth, can not but make comparisons between his own land and the South American States. And among our countrymen here, it is a common inquiry, "When will these wars and bickerings cease among the people of South America?"

Speaking of the difference in the character of the people in the North American States, he adds, "For my own part, in accounting for this difference, I think the *character of the ancestry*, and the *origin* of the two nations, is to be considered. I have often contrasted in my mind the poor, persecuted, but persevering and enlightened Puritan and Huguenot, escaping with difficulty from his fatherland, crossing the Atlantic in the little Mayflower, or one of her consorts, seeking on an inhospitable coast a place to worship God, with the rich, pompous, royal-chartered adventurer, laden with implements of warfare, accompanied, perhaps, by a priest as avaricious as himself, hastening to the New World in some invincible vessel, to plunder and

destroy ; to enrich himself still more, and offer up incense at the shrine of Mammon. The one seeks to perpetuate *truth*, the other to accumulate *treasure*. The one bears with him, as his greatest prize, the Book of books, the law of God ; his study by day, his pillow by night, his guide in prosperity, his support in adversity ; and, dying in the wilderness, rejoices to leave so rich a legacy to his children. The other cares not for books or laws of divine origin, but marching over the blood and ruins of his fellow-men, secures his sordid wish and dies, leaving his gold, his weapons, and his priest. The descendants of one, with the Bible, have become rich, powerful, happy. The rich mines of Peru and Bolivia, *without the Bible*, have left the descendants of the other poor, quarrelsome, and unhappy. I am sorry to say that among the common people of this country, so far as I can learn, the Bible is still unknown, except perhaps from a few vulgar stories, which the priests have distorted from some of its pages. The Bible, with God's blessing to give the people its spirit, would certainly give to South America a *moral*, and may I not say also, a *political* regeneration."

The next date we find is in a letter to his sister, dated February 8, 1841. After stating that they were detained at Monte Video two

months, waiting for the raising of the blockade, he adds, "We are finally settled here, boarding with a friend of ours, enjoying life perhaps as well as we ever did or ever shall. The cares of business have almost absorbed my attention; but still, my dear sister, the bright place above is not kept out of sight; and I thank God there are seasons of breathing in a purer atmosphere than is found in merely worldly occupations. We think of you often, and while cold winds whistle about your snug cottage, we wish you could come and see us, and get some peaches, which are now very abundant. We go a blackberrying, too, and it is no uncommon thing to bring home from four to six quarts. But Nature will soon empty her horn on your side, and while we resign our peaches, grapes, figs, and oranges, *your* fields will be sprinkled with good things. So we go, taking turns. Oh, may we not fail to share as well in spiritual blessings. In these *you* have had a harvest; but, alas! here, winter still reigns. When you pray, remember us and this community.

Your affectionate brother and sister.

From the Boston Recorder:—

BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 15, 1841.

The South Americans, in general, are not wanting in intelligence or enterprise, as their

long, persevering, and finally successful struggle for national independence will testify. I speak more particularly of those of this republic, when I say that they are bold, generous, full of hopes, *worshippers of liberty*; and all their civil wars, domestic feuds, revolutions, and massacres are undertaken and carried on in her name and for her sake. But, like the gaudy image of the Virgin, which is borne about their streets decked with tinsel and flowers, their liberty is *but an image*, equally deaf to their prayers, and about as unlike the reality.

Their religion, although it bears the name of Christian, seems but a system of idolatry. Their churches are full of wooden saints in various positions, shapes, and forms, to which every one who passes must prostrate himself, make the sign of the cross, or bow in reverence. And while the zealous devotee will even raise his hat on passing a church, it is disgusting to hear his profane manner of speaking on the most common topics of conversation. A lady would consider it an omission not to be overlooked, if she did not exclaim "Jesus!" at every time of sneezing; and every child who is old enough to speak, is accustomed to use the name on similar occasions, and also as an expression of surprise. During a walk one morning, the bracing nature of the atmosphere caused me a fit of sneezing;

upon which a black boy, who was following me, and noticed my omission, repeated each time this exclamation for me.

Since the revolution a species of French infidelity has gained ground among the male population; and under the present administration, (which requires at least an outward show of respect for religion from every citizen,) it is not difficult to perceive that many who strictly observe its routine are in heart really ashamed of it, and tired of its ceremonies. In consequence of the interruption of direct commerce with Spain, on throwing off the yoke of the mother country, French works, in the Spanish translations, were abundantly supplied. Perhaps this arose from the avarice of French booksellers, but more likely from the zeal of political agitators and ultra reformers in France. Whatever the cause may have been, French philosophy, French infidelity, and its accompanying ideas of *liberty*, poured in like a flood, and were easily drunk up by a young people thirsting for new ideas, and anxious to get rid of old notions. These wrought great changes, both in religion and politics, breaking up some of the strongest foundations of society. The difficulties of the English language in part, probably, formed a barrier to the advancement of English literature in the Spanish American republics.

As yet the English and American press have scarcely produced any effect upon these countries. It is true they know something of the United States, of our form of government and revolutions, and in some respects our institutions have served as models for theirs ; but their views have mostly been derived through French works, or translations with French notes, and French perversions, and, of course, must be very imperfect. Their attempts to imitate us have always failed ; and it is now common to hear their wisest and best men declare, it is preposterous and foolish to think of it again.

In justice to the philanthropists of both England and the United States I am bound to say, that copies of the Bible have been sent here in the language of the people from both countries ; but the priests discountenance the reading of it, and the people generally have a prejudice against it. How can it be otherwise ? Many, indeed, are willing to find a more excellent way, but are afraid to seek it by breaking in upon the traditions of the church and the commands of the priests. When, then, shall we look for reform, and how shall the simple truths of the Bible reach the millions of Peru, Colombia, Chili, and of the Argentine Republic ? and how shall the people obtain that *liberty* wherewith Christ makes his people free ?

In a letter to his sister in K., of April 22, after stating that he was "about to join a mercantile house in B. A.," that "his business was urgent," and that his wife was spending a little time in the country, where he should soon join her for a few days, Mr. B. says, —

"I am seated alone in my room. It is evening; nine has struck. Your letter lies open before me, and in silence claims my token of reciprocity, which, with pleasure, I write out for you. I appreciate your sympathy for our long, tedious passage. You inquire, 'How could you have endured it had you not been married?' Rather a landish question. A sailor would have asked the question the other way. Without a very good wife, or rather with an indifferent one, it would have been tedious indeed. As it was, I got along nearly as well as if I had been alone. We board at present, and are pleasantly situated for the winter just commencing. We have a field here to do good, and I consider this our great business. Worldly prospects are flattering at present, but past disappointments have made me cautious, and I have no confidence — no, not even in princes. This country is still engaged in civil war; but in and near the city we enjoy tranquillity and peace, for which I am truly thankful."

To his brother, E. W. B., New Haven, Ct.

CANADA DE LA PAJA,
PROVINCE BUENOS AYRES, April 28.

DEAR BROTHER: I received your letter of a few days since, and, being in the country passing a leisure week, I improve it to reply. You may be interested in a description of our situation and the surrounding objects. It is night; the rain is pelting the thatched roof over our heads, and thunder and lightning are playing majestically in the clouds that overhang the pampas. The rancho (as a cottage with mud walls in this country is called) is about thirty miles W. S. W. from Buenos Ayres, on the bosom of the great steppes of this part of South America. It belongs to a countryman of ours, formerly of C. —, Penn., a well-educated man, married to a good Englishwoman. He is now an estanciero, or farmer, or, more properly, a raiser of cattle. His humble dwelling is a very good one for the country, and North American ingenuity has contrived to make it more comfortable than those of some of his richer neighbors. It stands in a square of ground enclosed by a slight, peach-wood fence, the adjacent land sufficiently inclined to lead the falling rain from the house. His family consists of his wife and two children; while in another rancho, which stands a few feet from this, live two Englishmen, one

American, and one native boy, hired laborers, besides a half score of women servants, with their children and families, generally of the yellow and mixed Indian cast, whose numbers have been augmented by others, refugees, whose huts have been burned or destroyed during the recent revolution. In front and near, under our windows, sleep about a dozen large dogs, faithful monitors in approaching danger. Around the enclosure there nightly rest from twelve to fifteen thousand sheep, two thousand head of neat cattle, thirty to forty horses, a dozen hogs, fifty to sixty geese, four or five domesticated ostriches, and hens and chickens *ad infinitum*. While I write, the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the cattle constitute the chief music, and indeed cease not to give shape to our dreams through the night. During a heavy storm like the present there is but little rest for the shepherds, who are obliged to keep the sheep from wandering from their usual standing places. The wind, rain, and lightning often frights them away, and they must as frequently be driven back. By day they go out to feed upon the broad expanse, four or five thousand in each flock, and each under the care of its shepherd, who is always mounted on horseback, and whose duty it is to see that his flock does not mix with others, and are on good pasture,

and to turn them back again when they are wandering too far.

Our host finds his increase so great that he is now contriving boilers to try up his "capones" or wethers, for the tallow and grease, hoping in this way to realize something for them, — tallow being more salable than live animals. He clips annually about thirty thousand pounds of wool, which, being mostly from choice sheep, brings generally from five to eight cents per pound; but less this year, the prices of wool being remarkably low.

Previous to the late revolution our hostess had a dairy, with the milk of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty cows daily; but the disturbances compelled her to flee into town, and, having been robbed of most of the fixtures, she has not yet commenced again.

The whole country is at present in a very sorrowful state, owing to the exactions of government for men and horses, almost every effective man and horse being taken for the public service. Perhaps you and sister may ask how we like a pastoral life in South America? For a few weeks it does very well. There is something grand in the sight of the flocks and herds which browse over the plains; something agreeable in mounting a spirited horse and galloping around for leagues, without finding fences or

obstructions ; chasing the wild deer and ostrich, and returning to feed from your own hand the same classes of wild animals domesticated, and walking about in peace among your dogs and fowls. The day glides away in healthful exercises and sports ; but night brings almost any thing but quiet. The country, or, as foreigners call it, "the camp," is infested with robbers, who prowl about to murder and steal. Our present landlord, some years since, received one of these nocturnal visits, and, after a dozen stabs, was left for dead. His wife fared about as badly ; but they both lived to mourn the loss of all their valuables. They have since recovered from their losses, and are now in good circumstances. In the last revolution their house was again robbed, and one of their most faithful men killed. This was about six months ago ; and since we have been here there have been two or three alarms, but nothing has been seen to frighten us. We have, however, thought it prudent to keep some muskets, pistols, and lances in readiness. I have been surprised to find how soon, and with what composure, I could handle a cocked pistol, and lie down calmly with more than one upon my pillow, prepared for a warning from the dogs at any instant. On the whole I think I can slumber as sweetly on the pampas of South America as in a steamboat on the waters of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER XVI.

Letter to Brother in New York.—To Twin Brother.—Letters to Editor of Boston Recorder.—To Mr. and Mrs. B., of Hancock, N. H.—Letters to Father and Sister.—To his Wife from Monte Video.—To Twin Brother.—To Boston Recorder.—To his Brother-in-Law in Hancock.—Last Letter to his Father.

LETTER to brother in New York.

BUENOS AYRES, May 6, 1841.

DEAR BROTHER: Political affairs in this country look rather gloomy. It is uncertain whether we have a speedy settlement of the civil war or not. My mind is made up, however, to stay here for the present, and give business a fair trial; do all the good I can as a Christian, and if the Lord preserves me to go home with a competence, then I shall have to thank him. Life is too uncertain to be projecting much for the future, and I pray God to save me from too much worldly care and anxiety. To be able to throw off mortality is a great item in our list of duties; and it becomes us, sojourners, to hold things with a feeble grasp, and to be constantly looking for a foothold on the other side of Jordan. Perhaps the

state of your health and the pressure of your business may lead you to similar reflections; if so, you need no stirring up by the statement of mine.

In a letter to his twin brother, of June 8, he says, —

“ My business prospects are as good as when I left the United States; and if I do not get rich, I hope, by industry and perseverance, to make a good living. I have lately formed a partnership, which you will see advertised in the papers I send you. We do a wholesale business in drugs and dyes. We ship to United States, and receive and sell consignments of ships, goods, and merchandise generally.”

From the Boston Recorder.

July 26, 1841.

Buenos Ayres, situated as it is, nearly two thousand miles from any maritime port of consequence, excepting one, is, nevertheless, supplied with a large portion of foreigners; and I think I do not mistake in estimating them, at the present time, as constituting over one sixth of the entire population of the city. The most of them are Europeans, of different nations and complexions; and, although mixed up in many respects with the citizens, yet they form a dis-

tinct class. Enjoying the protection of their respective governments, they are exempt, in most cases, from the arbitrary acts of the rulers of the country. Thus they escape the more immediate troubles arising from revolutions and fluctuations in society, and, being left to pursue their various callings, they have become the most industrious and useful of the inhabitants. They have done much to establish and foster commerce and the mechanic arts, which, previous to their coming to the country, scarcely deserve to be named.

The young South American hardly arrives at the age of sixteen when he is forced into the army, and from the frequency of civil commotions and wars, he acquires the profession of arms. This, with his camp habits and notions, unfits him for every thing else, and he is, in time of peace, liable to become a drone in society ; or he may be worse, as he can only live by fomenting civil discord, and, if of an aspiring disposition, he seeks to satisfy his ambition by becoming the chief of a faction. The foreigner, then, who brings his industry, his implements, and his knowledge, and plies them in such a land as this, must be welcome, because he provides for the wants of a people who can not or will not provide for themselves. Such being the case, it is not difficult to foresee that foreigners, or

their descendants, are destined to exert a great and growing influence here. To estimate the amount of this influence, so far as it may be moral or religious, it is necessary to divide foreigners into two distinct classes. First, and largest, those from Roman Catholic countries. These bring with them the same faith, the same traditions and idle ceremonies of the people, and do but add to the mass of corruption they find. The second class, (those from Protestant countries,) are made up of English, Germans, and North Americans. Were it not for these, and and the few remains of Puritan principles which are found among them, for myself, as far as means are concerned, I could see no hope for South America, or for any of her provinces. In these countries the English are the most numerous among all the Protestants; and from the extensive power of their government, strength of their naval force, importance of their commerce, and advantageous terms of their treaties, they are the most respected. British ministers are at every court, consuls, with large salaries, at every port. In all their treaties they stipulate for right to build chapels, to have preaching, to open schools in their own language, and to have cemeteries for their dead. In building their churches and supporting their chaplains, the home government pays from the national

treasury an amount equal to that raised by subscription or otherwise by their countrymen abroad.

But with all this train of favorable circumstances it is no secret that the English, as a body, have exerted no favorable Protestant influence on the people of this continent. If the English church abroad is not adapted to attract the attention of the native population, where the people are Papists, it might be supposed that it would form a center for Protestant union and action ; but even this is not the case, for it is so national in its character and spirit as almost to exclude all who belong to other countries. It is a great advantage to our countrymen abroad, when moved to assemble for religious purposes, that they are free from metropolitan yokes, a national church, and a national religion. North Americans in South America form a considerable part of the Protestant population, and where there are sufficient numbers collected to support Protestant preaching, in the Congregational form or otherwise, it is all-important that they move others to join them and establish places of worship ; not only to encourage and assist each other, but that they may rear their children in the ways of their fathers, and be a light to those who sit in darkness and in the region of the shadow of death. It behooves them to be active and stirring. Let

every one who goes abroad preach in his life, as he goes, the gospel to the sailor or his fellow-traveler. When he meets on foreign shores a little flock struggling amid a crooked and perverse generation to keep the flame of the gospel burning, let him cast in his lot and his mite with theirs, and God will bless him and them. I am often led to exclaim, What a privilege to be an American! But I remember that with this privilege there are corresponding responsibilities. Oh that all my countrymen abroad would feel them!

Letter to Mr. and Mrs. B., of Hancock, N. H.

Aug. 28.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: Your letter of May 25 was received a few days since. You say sister's health is feeble. This awakens my sympathy anew; and my first impulse is to wish it in my power to assist, comfort, and cheer her in the trials of sickness and suffering. But the expression of my sorrow, perhaps, may not reach you, although borne by the fleeting winds, until her pains may be over, or her sufferings ended. My next impulse is to betake myself to prayer, which may move at once the hand that moves the world. May God bless and keep you both and your young family. Mr. B. seems to imagine us as dwelling in Sodom or Gomorrah,

but the case is not so bad as that. There are righteous men enough to save the city, notwithstanding all its wickedness. Here is a wide field for usefulness, and as this is one motive for occupying it, I trust you will not think of me as wasting my time or talents in useless efforts, or in unavailing labors. The sacrifices to be made here by the Christian in the sphere of duty, are something more than the blood of bulls and of goats ; and when the Lord gives us grace to make them, we have the sweet consolation of knowing from his presence that they are more acceptable.

The drafts on my time for benevolent purposes are large, but I trust the time is not spent in vain. I am at present one of the movers in establishing a Union Academy here, for giving a pretty thorough English education, also teaching the Latin, Greek, and other languages, and carrying the higher classes through part of a collegiate course. It is designed more particularly for the children of foreigners, but with a view ultimately to extend its advantages to the the native population, and to give them some idea of Protestantism. The Methodist Episcopal Church Missionary Society will have the management of the religious part of it.

To his sister in N. R.:—

BUENOS AYRES, Nov. 28.

MY DEAR SISTER: We have just heard the melancholy tidings from Hancock. And is it so, that our beloved sister is no more! I can hardly realize the painful truth. She has indeed gone before us, and rests from her labors, and waits for us to meet her in glory! What a consolation that we know she loved and trusted in our divine Master. Let us do what we can, by acts of kindness to her children, to make up this severe loss to them and to her husband; and, emulating her virtues—which were not few—look forward to a happy meeting in heaven. I will not grieve. The Lord has taken her. Blessed be his name!

I do feel intensely for her afflicted family, and I am ready to ask, What can I do for them? I pray that this afflictive dispensation may be improved by us, and I invoke the protection and blessing of Heaven on the motherless little ones.

To his sister in Keene:—

BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 7, 1841.

This event [the death of the sister above mentioned] is calculated to make me feel both the pain and inconvenience of residing abroad. While I was reading a letter from her, which she wrote a few weeks previous to her decease, she

was reposing in the cold ground, and I knew it not. So uncertain is our existence. Perhaps, ere these lines reach you, the hand that traces them may be stiffened in death, and the tongue that would utter them be silent in the tomb! But the *soul*, blessed be God, lives for ever! The world is not then so dark as it might be, nor bereavements so melancholy. Friends may be separated by distance, and may be parted by death, but it is but for a moment; and how short and trifling will it appear in retrospect from the happy land!

You ask me to give you a picture of our situation and surroundings; and this I have often thought of doing, and as often despaired of making intelligible. The truth is, every thing is so different from what you have been accustomed to see that it is almost impossible, without the art of a painter, to make you comprehend the peculiar construction of a Moorish house. Its extent, its large flat roof, its balconies, its corridors, its patios or courts, its *zaguánes* or entries, its *algi*bi or cisterns, are things unknown in North America. We inhabit one of the largest, which contains one court, have a patio on the ground, live in the second story, have stores under us, and over us a high and elevated roof or *azotea*, upon which we have a fine walk, with a view of the river, bay, and

shipping. Our house stands upon a corner, and fronts on two streets, about eighty feet on one end and sixty feet on the other. A dining-room, small sitting-room, and sleeping-room, with one window to each room, fronting east. A large parlor, with three windows, and two sleeping-rooms, with one window each, fronting north. Inside, we have several smaller rooms—kitchen, an extensive corridor with battlements looking down into the patio; and there we have flower-pots, containing annual and monthly roses, a passion-flower of some years' growth and much beauty, several species of the cactus, bocamela, diamela, orange trees, geraniums, morning glories, ginger root, grape vine, and the like.

On the opposite side of the street, fronting east, rises a massive pile of brick and mortar, the church and convent of the Dominican friars. The tower is a huge, unshapely structure, bearing the marks of age, and of the contest with the English. When they captured the city, about thirty years since, they raised a field-piece into the belfry, or tower, and fired it off at the fort, until the shock threatened to throw down the whole concern. It has about twenty cracked and uncracked bells, which, very much to our annoyance, ring night and day. About half as many friars as bells keep the church, to which their perpetual drumming brings a few scatter-

ing people. To-day is the second day of the carnival, — one of three in which people take leave of their sins previous to the fasting of Lent. The devil is let loose, and all kinds of tricks are permitted between the inhabitants of the city. Throwing water, sprinkling flour, lime, and saw-dust on the heads of people passing, are the most common. Indeed, the city is upside down for the time. We do not attempt to go into the streets from two in the afternoon until dark.

Our autumn has come with its rich fruits. The evenings begin to grow long, and now and then a bracing morning reminds us of winter. How we should enjoy a visit from you. We are as comfortable, probably, as we could be in the United States. But civil war reigns in the interior and despotism in town. Our governor, it is said, shoots several persons daily to terrify the rest and keep them quiet. He succeeds for the time, but our hearts bleed for the victims of party strife. We may have a revolution soon. We hear to-day that the chief of the opposing party is fast approaching the city with an army.

The kind sympathy expressed by Mr. Blake for his deceased sister's children did not expend itself in words. He wrote to their bereaved

father, proposing that he should send one of the boys to him at Buenos Ayres, saying that he felt his circumstances would warrant it with advantage to both parties, and that he had charged his agent in Boston with making the necessary arrangements, and furnishing the outfit.

Letter to his father.

Buenos Ayres, July 5, 1842.

MY DEAR FATHER: It is evening; the clock has struck nine. We are seated at home "by the side of a round table." We have our room snugly closed, and a good coal fire in our stove at the distance of six feet from us. But this is not all; while we muse the fire in our *hearts* is burning, and we fancy ourselves some six thousand miles nearer to you than we are in reality. But to return to your letter. How shall we thank you sufficiently for it? It is next to a visit from you in person, and it breathes a spirit of affection and tenderness, heightened by your cheerful manner of expressing it, which is very pleasing to us both. E. sends assurances of love. We do hope that this will meet you in the midst of a plentiful harvest, enjoying the smiles of our heavenly Father under your loaded vines, with health improved, and other and better summers in store for you. In answer to your inquiries

respecting our fruits, vegetables, &c., we have a very *few* apples. For what reason so few I know not. They are all of one kind, and the opposite side of the river produces the most of them. Some of the upper and western provinces, near the foot of the Andes, enjoy a climate more favorable, and produce the fruit more plentifully. Sometimes they are brought down in carts, a distance of five to six hundred miles, and though small, are sold for one dollar each! But the dollar is worth only six cents, United States currency. The Irish potato is raised here, but not in large quantities. The dryness of our seasons is very liable to destroy the crop. They are small, and the medium size would compare with hen's eggs. In our market they sell for two and a half or three dollars per pound—equal to fifteen and eighteen cents. But owing to the country being engaged in war, all prices are higher than usual at present. Praying that God may bless and keep you both, I am, &c.

In a letter to his sister in K., of September 6th, Mr. Blake announces the birth of a daughter, on the 30th ult. He adds, "She was born on the day of Santa Rosa, who, in the Roman calendar, is the patroness saint of this continent; from which some of our Catholic neighbors augur great things!" He continues: "The

political and commercial news which reaches me from time to time from the United States is not calculated to give me very exalted views of my country. The religious intelligence is the only thing which has any redeeming qualities. This alone keeps alive my hopes of her future greatness.

“I am daily expecting C. B. to join me, according to my proposal to his father. If he is tractable, modest, and affectionate, I think his religious interests will not be sacrificed by coming here. His age is not so great as to inspire him with that degree of independence which, when regardless of restraint, would be very dangerous in this country. I notice that your son W. graduates at college about this time. I hope he will have his principles fixed on religious matters before he launches out into the world for a livelihood, thus securing almost the only safeguard he can have; and you may tell him from me, that his prospects, even for this life, are poor without this, — infinitely better with it. I say it from experience and observation.”

Mr. Blake's business calling him to Monte Video for a time, we have one letter to his wife, from which we shall make a few extracts. They are interesting as showing how he ever kept in mind the great end of life.

THE LORD'S DAY, MONTE VIDEO, Dec. 4.

MY DEAREST FRIEND : After thanking our heavenly Father that he has brought me safely to this place, (in doing which I did not forget to commend you, our little one, and the friends with whom you are, to his keeping and protection,) I have seated myself in my room at the steamboat hotel, to write you. The first night out, we lay at anchor off Colonia, where we rode out a heavy gale, the second night we lay anchored off the entrance to this port.

Our captain is a pleasant, agreeable shipmaster, but very much prejudiced against psalm-singers and temperance people. I claimed the privilege of belonging to both these classes, and told him that as such I would bear my part of the reproach. I said all that I thought I could with propriety or profit, and it was received without any outward show of offense. Mr.——, whom I met on the Mole, kindly brought me to this hotel. Before we parted he invited me to dine with him to-day, which, from its being the Sabbath, I declined. He let me off with a pretty good grace, but there seemed in his manner, as if in spite of himself, a condemnatory spirit, whether of the asker or refuser I am not able to say.

The contempt with which he had seen the cause of his Master treated made our Christian friend

feel like a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth. In this spirit he appears to have penned the next paragraph, and some of his utterances seem to have been prophetic.

“So here I am, alone in the world! I have a room; but no house, no home, no family with me; but, blessed be his name, I love to find and think of my God. Although I am a ‘psalm-singer,’ I am happy and contented. It is pleasant to think that I shall not be long away from you; that we shall soon meet again. But how transporting the thought of a better meeting above!

‘O, happy hour! O, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
Nor flesh nor sin shall more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.’

These spiritual reflections sweeten my earthly joys, as they, no doubt, do yours; and our union in this life is closer as we both look forward to a happy union with Christ in a purified state beyond the grave. Do not conceal your light under a bushel. Remember your responsibility to God, the great day of account, the shortness of life, the few psalms we shall have time to sing; and may our heavenly Father protect and guide you.”

To his twin brother at New Haven.

BUENOS AYRES, Feb. 18.

MY DEAR BROTHER JOHN: Your kind letter of —, lies before me, and makes one of a large number that have been accumulating while I have been absent for a month, and very busy at Monte Video. We have been prosperous here; but our commercial intercourse with the United States the last year has caused us to pay dearly for our connection with the land of the free. One of your New York houses failed, and took us in for eight thousand dollars; and our losses from shipments to the United States have deprived me of more than one or two years labor. Still, we live and hope. So much for fortune-making; but we are not unhappy.

So far as politics are concerned we are quiet; and I believe M. Rosas and all his satellites are heartily sorry for the excesses they committed here in April last. Monte Video is now threatened with all the horrors of a siege and a revolution. Every body is flocking hither from thence. So the world goes. I regret the commercial troubles in the United States. I hope your house will be spared the necessity of succumbing to them.

From the Boston Recorder.

BUENOS AYRES, June 19, 1843.

The "Society for the Promotion of Christian Worship," in this city, held its first annual meeting on the 20th March last. The report of the directors showed it to be in a prosperous state as to finances, and in the unanimity and brotherly feeling existing among its members, collected, as they are, from various denominations of Christians. The chapel was first opened for divine service on the 8th of January, and the average attendance since may be safely estimated at one hundred and fifty. The lease of the pews bids fair to raise a sufficient amount annually for the support of the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Norris. An interesting Sabbath school, with about fifty pupils, has been established. This promises much toward saving the children of Protestants from the corrupt practices and enticing influences of the Romish church. It is to be hoped that the gospel may be disseminated through the instrumentality of this society, and that a way may be opened for its introduction among a people who know not its blessings.

Alas, for South America! How shall her deluded millions obtain the bread of life if those who are favored with the divine revelation, whose lot is cast among them, do not unite and promote the preaching of the gospel?

The national Roman church, connected, as it is, with politics, and taking sides with the dominant party in the government, is at present quite in favor with the people; and since, by a decree of the supreme authority, every sermon must contain and enforce federal principles, the citizen, who would not be suspected of political defection, will not neglect the sanctuary. It is known that the order of the *Jesuits*, which has, within a few years, been reëstablished here, was broken up, and again reëstablished. This last measure was considered necessary, no doubt, on the part of the government, to maintain its popularity, as the Jesuits had succeeded in gaining the affections of the people by their devotion to education and their sanctimonious bearing. The government, however, were getting somewhat jealous of them, and this jealousy was heightened by the intrigues of the Franciscans and Dominicans. A little bickering among themselves caused a petition to be presented to the governor on the 20th March last, which resulted in a decree for the expulsion of the whole body, commanding that within the eight days preceding the 1st of April every soul of them should leave the country by sea, and not return. The chief of police was ordered to read the decree to each one while in the act of embarking, to make it more impressive, and fix it in the mem-

ory. So once more Buenos Ayres is free from the Jesuits.

The following letters will show what the subject of this memoir was in his family, and his faithfulness in seeking the best interests of a young person committed to his care.

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 18.

MY DEAR BROTHER: I ought, ere this, to have replied to your kind and confiding letter, dated from New York. I do often think of you and your trials, and I do sympathize deeply with you. I have been long expecting your son C., and I much regret that he was not sent to New York to come by the bark "Mason Barney," one of our own vessels, with a good captain. Our clergyman and his family left that city in September last as passengers in it. I should have arranged for this, but supposed he would come by an earlier arrival.*

With regard to your solicitude for C., it is very natural and reasonable; but he will have religious privileges here, and perhaps as much influence of that kind may be brought to bear upon him as if he were at home. We have now a chapel and regular Sabbath preaching, a Sabbath school, prayer meetings, public and

* The lad did take passage in this vessel on a subsequent trip.

private libraries, &c. My wishes for him will embrace both his temporal and eternal interests. I endeavor to rule my house as a Christian, and to exert a religious influence in it.

To the same.

Aug 19.

DEAR BROTHER: Your son arrived safely in the "Mason Barney" on the 4th inst. I am strongly interested for him. Every thing for his good, so far as my ability extends, I mean he shall have. In order to inculcate habits of industry and economy I may sometimes require more than he may think necessary, during his boyhood, but nothing but what a riper judgment will thank me for. I shall make it a point to give him instruction daily, to regard his health, and, as an important duty of my own, see that he does study the Scriptures, and keeps the Sabbath; and I shall often remind him of his duty to his Maker. Indeed if I do not succeed, in some measure, in this, I shall have no hope of his benefiting himself or others by remaining here, for the two sides from which to choose are so opposite, that there is not, as in the United States, a middle way between them. C. has entered a young men's Bible class, taught by an English Congregational Christian of much experience. Further, we have taken

him into a little circle of two or three families of us who meet once a week to study the Bible. He has been attending, and we hope he will continue to do so, a weekly prayer meeting on Thursday evenings. He assists us also in the choir on the Sabbath, where he has the privilege of hearing the gospel from a very faithful and devoted pastor.

I shall insist on his writing to you as often as once a month, at least; and if you and his brothers and sisters should keep up a frequent correspondence with him, it would be a great advantage to him and them.

I hope you will often remind him of his duty to God, and of the importance of that thorough spiritual change which the Scriptures enjoin, in order to please his Maker and keep more perfectly his commandments. May our heavenly Father bless and prosper you in your family and in your public ministrations. E. unites with me in love to you all.

Letter to his father and mother.

BUENOS AYRES, March 8.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I have but a moment to write you, and my heart is too full for my pen. Do you live? Are you well? And how do you fare? Has kind Providence watched over and kept you, as he has us in this

land of strangers? We have been much blessed with health. Our little daughter is well, and grows finely. I hope we shall be able some day to put her into your arms, that she may have your blessing. May the blessing of our heavenly Father rest on you, is the prayer of your affectionate son.

G. W. B

CHAPTER XVII.

Death of Mr. Blake. — Letter from Mrs. Blake. — Letter from Rev. Mr. Norris. — Inscription on Gravestone.

WE come suddenly to the closing scene. We have seen our dear Christian friend in the various relations of life, and have seen how, through the grace of Christ, a Christian can live. In the following letter we see how, through the same grace, a Christian can die.

Letter from Mrs. Blake to her brother-in-law in Boston.

Buenos Ayres, Jan. 24, 1844.

MY DEAR BROTHER: It is with a heavy heart, and with feelings too painful to be described, that I take my pen to write you. The Lord has seen fit to lay his afflictive hand upon me, and has taken away my dear husband and your dear brother. It is a painful task to me to communicate such sad intelligence, and it is very hard for me to bring my mind to realize that it is so. His death was so sudden and unexpected, that it found me totally unprepared to sustain the shock.

He arose on Tuesday morning, the 2d inst., apparently as well as usual; but after breakfast, complained of feeling slightly unwell. He, however, went to the store, but returned at eleven, worse; and on Friday, the 5th, he breathed his last. His disease was bilious colic. His sufferings were very great through nearly all his illness, but he was not considered dangerously sick until the day previous to his death.

It seems sometimes as if my affliction were greater than I can bear; but I know who has done it, and while I feel bowed down beneath the chastening rod, I trust I am enabled to say, The Lord's will be done, and not mine. To be deprived of my nearest and dearest earthly friend, of so kind and affectionate a husband, in so sudden a manner, and situated as I am now, is a very severe and sore trial, and one which my poor nature, of itself, is quite unable to bear. But, oh, what a comfort, what a blessing it is, that we have such a heavenly Friend to go to in every time of trouble! How many precious promises he has given us of comfort and consolation, if we only put our trust and confidence in him. I feel that I should sink under this affliction were it not for his assisting grace.

As my dear husband's illness was so short and so painful, he was able to converse but little on any subject, but he left good evidence that

his peace was made with God. Death found him with his work done, and well done; and, I doubt not, he has gone to reap the reward of his labors. His daily life was as if he was constantly anticipating such an event. He accustomed himself, while in health, to view death as perhaps near, and when it came, it had no terrors. The little he said during his illness evinced perfect composure and resignation to the will of God. He said to me, the morning before he died, "Do not be distressed—trust in God. It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth to him good." The few directions he gave respecting what he wished done, were given with as much composure as if he had been going to leave home for a week.

While we mourn, it is not as those who have no hope; and we will rejoice that we have so much comfort and consolation in our friend's death. Our loss is unspeakable gain to him, and he is, doubtless, free from all pain, and suffering, and trials of every kind. He is now engaged in praising his Maker and Redeemer, whom it was his chief aim to serve and glorify while on earth. It is my earnest desire that this affliction may be sanctified to me, and to all his friends.

The young nephew, before referred to, writes

under same date, to his aunt in Keene: "Before morning, on Friday, we thought he could not live long. He was aware of it himself, and even the day before talked about death very calmly. His principal conversation was of Jesus Christ and heaven, exhorting all to come to the Lord. He said, the day before he died, 'How hard it would be for me to repent if I had put it off until now.' He was buried the next day, in the afternoon. The funeral was attended by a great many natives, as well as Americans and English."

About three months after his decease, a second child was born to him, which survived only two or three days. The anticipation of this event would naturally increase the anxiety and distress of these parents in view of a separation, but a covenant God was the support of each.

The following was furnished by his pastor in Buenos Ayres, Rev. W. H. Norris, now in the United States, and holding a charge in the Methodist Episcopal Church:—

NEW YORK, March 24, 1855.

I made the acquaintance of your brother in the early part of my residence as missionary in Monte Video. He was then just married, and on his way to Buenos Ayres. He introduced

himself to me as a friend of the Saviour, and as interested in his cause. Attending our place of worship he aided in singing, and the first Sabbath he was with us addressed our little Sabbath school. After a few weeks, much to our regret, he left for Buenos Ayres, where, during the absence of the missionary for some months, and until the arrival of his successor, he gathered and taught the remains of the Sabbath school in his own house. He took an active part in forming the society for the support of Protestant worship in that city, (a society composed of various denominations, yet in vigorous operation,) and aided in erecting the Mission Church. As secretary of this society, he procured my appointment as pastor to this church the following year. On opening the church for worship, he took charge of the choir, and led our devotions the last Sabbath he spent on earth. When we re-organized the Sabbath school, he was selected as the teacher of a Bible class, and held the office till his death, having nearly finished a course of instruction on the Acts of the Apostles. The Sabbath before he died he was, with the few Christians in my charge, at a meeting held in my study for special prayer, and, I think, led in prayer, and made a short address. At this time he was apparently in perfect health. In a few days he was a corpse. I was with him, saw him

die, closed his eyes, but found it nearly impossible to realize that he was gone. His sudden death made a deep impression on our community. A week before, no one among us bade fairer to live for years. There was no man in the congregation who could not have been spared with less loss and inconvenience ; none whose place it seemed so difficult to supply ; no one who promised so much for the cause of Christ in that dark land. Silently bowing before this inscrutable providence, we were constrained to acknowledge that God's ways are not ours. "He kills the workmen but carries on the work."

I think I knew George W. Blake well. I know that I loved him much. I believed him to be an honest, conscientious man ; a humble, sincere Christian ; consistent and exemplary in life, and an honor to his profession. And such, I judge, was the estimation in which he was held by the community in which he lived respected, and died lamented.

The funeral of Mr. Blake was numerously attended by the foreign and native population of Buenos Ayres ; showing the high respect in which he was held. A brief, but highly complimentary, obituary notice of the deceased appeared in the "British Packet," a paper then published in that city ; another of similar import

in the New York Observer. His decease was the occasion of bringing to light other deeds of kindness done by him, but unknown to his friends until then. His remains were buried in Buenos Ayres, but removed to this country, and deposited in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in the following year. A neat marble slab, with the following inscription, marks the spot where they await the resurrection of the just.

GEORGE W. BLAKE,

A Native of Westborough, Mass.,

Several years a Merchant in Buenos Ayres, S. A.

Where he died, January 5th, 1844,

Aged 36.

His Remains were removed and deposited
in this place,

July 2d, 1845.

He was a Merchant much respected.

A Husband, Father, Brother, Friend, greatly
beloved.

In the Church of Christ eminently useful.

Mr. Blake's industry and perseverance as a merchant did not go unrewarded. He left a competence for the loved ones who looked to him for support, while he preceded them to take possession of the richer inheritance which Jesus has provided for them that love him.





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"Know thou the God of thy father; and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever."

1 Chron. xxviii. 9.